# Sports Illustrated

APRIL 23, 1962 25 CENTS

## THE TOUGH GAME

*Lacrosse All-America*
*Jerry Schmidt*





# ANTRON®

NYLON

*Only one sweater shirt gives you such gleaming good looks, great comfort: this one of "Antron"* nylon. "Antron" is rich to the touch. Robust. Comes out of a washer-dryer neat and ready for action. Shrink- and stretch-resistant, of course. Try one. You'll like this sweater shirt of new "Antron".*

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TRILOBAL MULTIFILAMENT NYLON YARN

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DU PONT

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

M'GREGOR chooses new "Antron" nylon for this superb sweater shirt. Note its "Power Shoulder" for lots of action. Expect to find it in a large variety of colors at fine stores. About $8.95.

Accutron "521" heavy 14-KT gold case. Padded alligator strap. $275*

Accutron "205" polished [illegible] steel case, [illegible] hands, dial. $150*

Symbol of accuracy through electronics



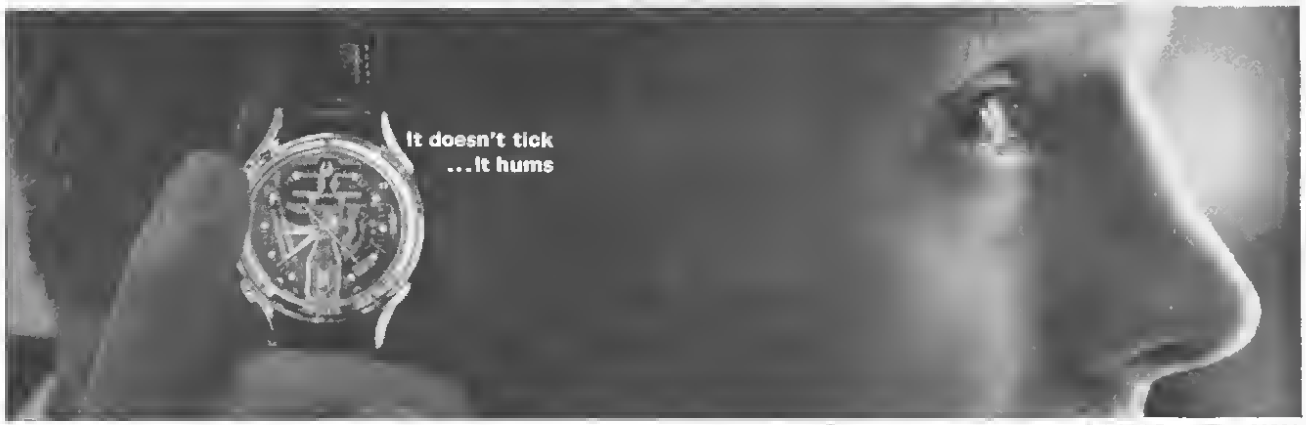
# Have you heard the new sound of accuracy? Listen! It's the hushed hum of ACCUTRON†!

Accutron doesn't tick. It hums. That's because Accutron is not a watch, but a totally new kind of wrist timepiece. An electronic timepiece so revolutionary, so astonishingly accurate, it makes even the finest watch on earth obsolete. That hushed hum is the heart of Accutron. It comes from a tiny electronically powered tuning fork. This tuning fork replaces the ancient mainspring and [illegible] wheel—source of inaccuracy in all watches, even electric watches. Result: Accutron is the first timepiece in history guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist. Yet Accutron is tough. With only 12 moving parts, it rarely, if ever, needs repair. Never never needs winding. And of course, Accutron is shock-resistant [illegible] runoff [illegible]

netic. Be the man who wears Accutron. And for the man who likes the best, Accutron is the most gift on all. At better jewelers from $150*

**ACCUTRON GUARANTEE OF ACCURACY.** Accutron is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month under actual daily use on your wrist. For one full year from the date you purchase it, the authorized jeweler from whom you purchased your Accutron timepiece will adjust it [illegible] free of charge if [illegible]

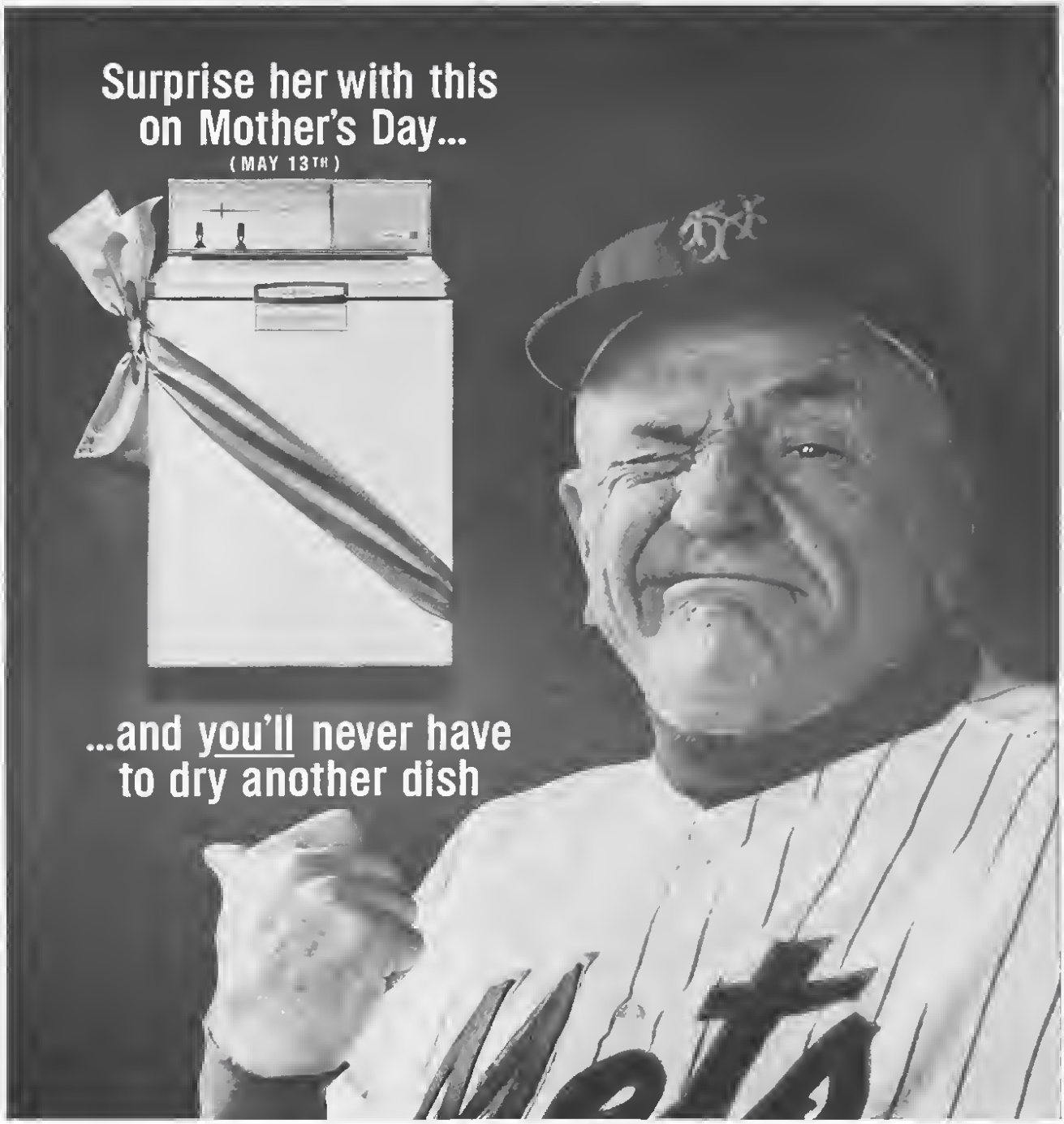
**THE SECRET OF ACCUTRON—ACCURACY THROUGH ELECTRONICS.** The heart of the tuning fork is oscillated at the rate of 360 times a second by a transistor, powered by a button size power cell. It keeps Accutron 99.9977% accurate on your wrist [illegible]




Accutron "Spaceview" model. Transparent dial. 14-KT gold case. $250*

## ACCUTRON† by BULOVA—world's only electronic wrist timepiece

†Registered Trademark ©1962 Bulova Watch Company Inc., New York Toronto, Bienne, Milan *All prices plus tax—waterproof when case, crystal and crown are intact.




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*On the Q.T.,* see your Westinghouse Dealer now and arrange for a surprise delivery on Mother's Day. He has 5 models for you to choose from.

*You can be sure . . . if it's*
**Westinghouse**

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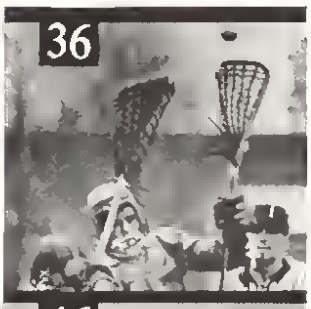
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## Next week

***PLAYERS WITH MAGIC,*** baseball's razzle-dazzle, shoot-'em-up athletes, the ones who keep the fans coming out to the old ball park, are brought onstage by Walter Bingham.

***KARTING KING*** from Sunnyvale, Calif. is demon Steve Hernandez, whose mom and dad have seen to it that he has become a champ, even if he is just a knee-high 8 years old.

***THE MAYFLY,*** says Leland Day, is many things to the naturalist, a creature of poetic beauty and purpose, to the trout, nourishment, to the angler, a sign of good fishing.

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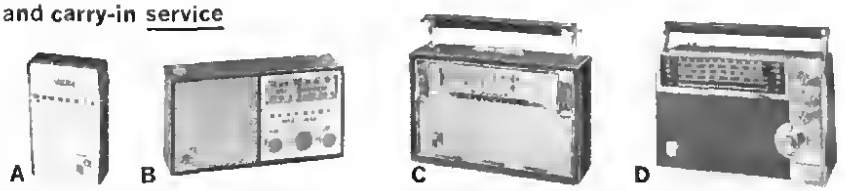
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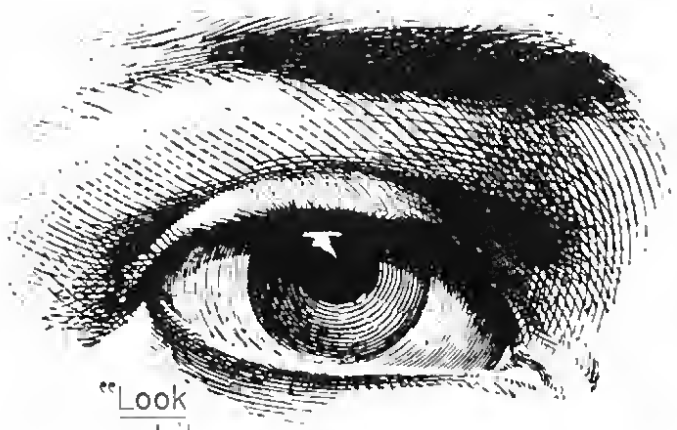
## WRINKLE-FREE IN ROME

When it's "too darn hot" in *bella Roma*, be cool, neat and smart in these 'Botany' '500' Sport Casuals of 55% "Dacron" polyester fiber, 45% worsted wool. A handsome Daroff outfit with all the talents of "Dacron". Sport coat, $42.50. Slacks, $15.95.

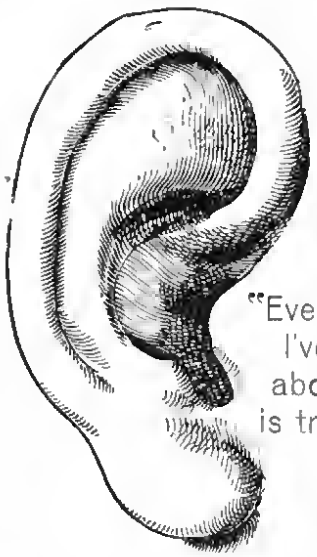
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# SHOPWALK

**Summertime—and the livin' will be made easier for kids and parents by stores offering camp gear and services**

About five-and-one-half million children ranging in age from 7 to 14 years will attend camp during the summer months ahead. Every one of them has to be outfitted, uniformed, name-tagged and packed up. There are three methods to follow in outfitting a young camper. One way is to get a list of required gear and clothing from the camp and collect the items, one by one. A second method is to take the list to a camping shop that can furnish everything from a blanket to toilet kit, flashlight, underwear, bathing suit and even mess kit.

The third procedure is to order by mail if a camp shop is not locally available. The list obtained from the camp should be filled out with the child's correct sizes and mailed to the official outfitter or camp shop. The shop will return your order sheet with prices filled in and await your confirmation before filling the order.

Several camp shops also will name-tape every item and then ship the trunk or duffel bag directly to the camp on a specified date.

A first-season camper's equipment and clothing usually totals up to better than 125 items. It may seem contradictory for a child to wear an official outfit or uniform for roughing it, but, however rugged the program, camp officials want the kids to keep clean and look neat with the least amount of effort. They also prefer to avoid the status rivalry often produced by personally chosen outfits.

Most camp shops open during March or April and operate through June. Many are located in metropolitan New York, but all of them do a big mail-order business.

Rappaport's at 2307 Broadway in New York City opened a camping shop on the lower floor of the clothing store on March 1 and will not close it until July 1. With more than 25 years' experience, the shop is one of the oldest and largest camp outfitters, serving approximately 3,000 camp-bound youngsters each season. "First-time campers always come in and place their orders early, about March 1," says Sam Rappaport. Depending on the camp and its requirements and the size of the youngster, he figures a first-season camper's initial order runs from $150 to $200. This includes the big expenditure items, such as the trunk, duffel bag, pillow, three blankets, four to six sheets, four pillow cases, six bath towels, toilet kit, mess kit, flashlight, knapsack, sleeping bag, uniforms and so on. Yearly fill-in orders average about $50 at most. Three to four weeks are required to label and name-tape everything. Name-taping and delivery of an already packed trunk is a service

*continued*



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of the store, and there is no extra charge.

The colorful pennant-decorated Campers' Shop at Saks Fifth Avenue is located at 9 East 49th Street, above the toy store. Saks, like other camp outfitters, carries basic camp wardrobes and is designated official outfitter for more than 150 camps. Saks tries to put a lot of styling into the "extras." Two new items in the camp shop this year are a lightweight yellow nylon slicker with huge patch pockets, metal snap fasteners and sou'wester hat, it is made in all sizes for boys and girls and costs $10. There is also a trim-hooded nylon-fleece-lined poplin parka with knit cuffs and heavy-duty zipper. The parka comes in dark green, brown, navy, red, maroon and gray in sizes for boys and girls, $14. Saks' young camping customers are becoming more conservative. They prefer sweatshirts with smaller camp emblems, and they like them sewn on the left side of the shirt instead of the camp name emblazoned across the front. All camps request a label on each garment; Saks will handsew all labels free of charge and will pack all clothing and equipment in a trunk and send it directly to camp.

April 30 is opening day at Macy's Camp Centic. Here a unique system of catering to the camp, the camper and the parent is worked out ahead of time. In order to be official outfitter for 267 camps, early in the year the store furnishes the camps with lists on which to specify their uniform requirements. Then the shop prints bulk quantities for each camp, and the camps in turn forward them to the parents of enrolled youngsters. It is as simple as that. This system expedites going through the more than 600 colors, sizes and styles available for boys and girls. Within each category the shop attempts to have variety and selection in quality and price. For example, boys' polo shirts are available at $1.69, $2.19 and $2.25. Name-taping, as well as packing and shipping of trunks, are addit onal services.

The Campers' World at Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn is another shop that caters to one-stop shopping. Its opening date was April 2, and it is equipped to outfit young campers from head to toe and supply bedding and equipment. Name tapes are sewn on without charge on orders of $25 or more.

This large business has even created one shop, small in size, enormous in volume, all for itself. It is the Camp Shop at 550 Fifth Avenue, which supplies all the services associated with the genre to 10,000 kids every spring—many of them by mail.

Lane Bryant opened a camp department for chubby little girls on April 1.

For people wishing to ship trunks and bags directly from home to camp and back, S. Siskind & Sons at 1574 Watson Avenue, The Bronx specializes in camp deliveries anywhere in the East.

—JULE CAMPBELL


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# SCORECARD

**THE PROOF, PLEASE**

Championship Sports Inc., the promoters, expect Floyd Patterson to defend his title against Sonny Liston in New York in September. It should be one of the most exciting fights in years and will make lots of money for all concerned. We deplore only the assumption that the fight can take place before it has been demonstrated—beyond any question—that Liston is free of hoodlum control.

**LUCAS TO NEW YORK?**

Jerry Lucas, Ohio State's 6-foot-7 All-America who has maintained for a year that he is not going to play professional basketball, is the subject of some of the most intense negotiations ever conducted over an untried rookie. While the Cincinnati Royals, who own the draft rights to Lucas in the NBA, and the Cleveland Pipers of the rival ABL are each straining their bankbooks to woo him, Lucas has dropped out of Ohio State and gone on an extensive lecture tour in the Midwest. It is his plan to use the proceeds from his lectures to return to school with his wife next fall, and eventually work toward a master's degree.

But the latest and least-known development in the Lucas chase could make Jerry think twice. The New York Knicks carefully drafted Paul Hogue, a local hero in Cincinnati because he led the university there to two national championships. Now they are considering offering Hogue and a bundle of cash to the far less prosperous Royals for the draft rights to Lucas. The theory is that the Knicks, with all those high-priced Madison Square Garden seats available, can afford to give Lucas a huge offer he could not refuse, whereas the Royals would be unable to go high enough to get Lucas out of the classrooms.

**THE INSIDE TRACK**

• Talk is that former Dallas Cowboy Quarterback Don Heinrich, now a New York Giants' coach, is itching to get back onto the playing field and the West Coast. He may jump to Vancouver in the Canadian League or to San Diego in the American Football League.

• Quarterback Bobby Layne will probably report to the Pittsburgh Steeler training camp this summer but it's rumored he'll retire before the season begins. The Steelers plan to play Ed Brown as top quarterback next fall—otherwise why would they have traded their No. 1 draft choice to the Chicago Bears for him? Layne will hardly agree to play second fiddle at this stage of his career. Persistent reports that Layne's arm is dead seemed confirmed by his late-season performance last fall.

• Basketball's National Invitation Tournament, held every March in New York's Madison Square Garden, may be seriously hurt by the new National Catholic College Tournament, which will be held next year in Louisville in March. The NIT in recent years has relied heavily on Catholic college teams.

**OPENING DAZE**

Crowds were generally sparse the first week as big-league baseball opened its season, but first-ball throwers were out in record numbers. The list included two presidents (Kennedy, of the U.S., and Harridge, formerly of the American League), three governors, 10 mayors (mayors are very large in the first-ball-throwing game), one senator, one representative, one judge, two baseball players (one a Hall of Fame star, the other a 17-year-old minor leaguer), two baseball club officials, one sports editor, two ladies and two little girls. Here's the breakdown:

Washington: President Kennedy.

Cincinnati: Mayor Walton Bachrach.

New York: Mrs. Babe Ruth (Yankees); Mayor Robert Wagner (Mets).

Chicago: Will Harridge, ex-president of the American League (White Sox); Bob Lewis, Cubs' longtime traveling secretary (Cubs).

St. Louis: Mayor Raymond Tucker.

Milwaukee: Susan Perry, 9, and Diane Bauch, 7, the "Milwaukee County Easter Seal Children for 1962."

Boston: Governor John Volpe.

Houston: Judge Bill Elliot pitched the first ball, Representative Bob Casey batted and Mayor Lewis Cutrer, behind plate in catcher's gear, caught it.

San Francisco: Mayor George Christopher.

Kansas City: Sports Editor Ernest Mehl pitched from mound to K.C. Owner Charles Finley, behind plate, symbolizing end of their bitter feud.

Philadelphia: Mayor James H. Tate.

Los Angeles: Mrs. Walter O'Malley (Dodgers); Farm Team Pitcher Angel Macias, former star of the Monterrey, Mexico Little League team, who threw to Mayor Sam Yorty (Angels).

Minnesota: Governor Elmer L. Anderson.

Cleveland: Mayor Anthony J. Celebrezze pitched from mound to Senator Frank Lausche. First pitch went over Lausche's head but he hit next one toward left field.

Pittsburgh: Hall of Famer Harold (Pie) Traynor.

Baltimore: Mayor J. Harold Grady.

Detroit: Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh and Governor John B. Swainson showed up for joint act. Crowd booed. Because of bad weather, act was called off. Crowd cheered.

**SPACE AGE FIELDER**

Strange are the ways of notoriety, and once a man gets it he's apt to think it has a future. Sal Durante, who caught Roger Maris' 61st home run ball last fall, then was paid $5,000 for the ball




by a San Francisco restaurateur and got married on the proceeds, was planning to be an attraction at the Seattle World's Fair, where he was to try to catch a ball tossed off the 660-foot Space Needle for a $1,000 fee.

Durante told the *Seattle Times* that he would soon go into spring training. His site: a 374-foot-high gas tank on

*continued*




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New York's Coney Island, from which a ball will be dropped. Sal intended to wear a catcher's mask. Dr. Kenneth C. Clark, professor of physics at the University of Washington, estimated that the baseball's journey from the top of the Space Needle to Sal's mitt would have taken 6.1 seconds and that the ball would be doing about 130 mph at impact, roughly half a hundred miles an hour more than Maris' ball traveled. Dr. Clark's velocity count made the authorities think twice, and the stunt was called off. "I think," said Clark, "a set of teeth is worth much more than $1,000."

### PUT THE MONEY IN THE POT

CBS bid a record high of $5.1 million a year for the right to televise college football games for the next two seasons, a delightful figure to money-conscious minds in the big schools that appear fairly regularly on fall football telecasts. (ABC, which aired the games last season, paid only $3,125,000 for that privilege.) But then the NCAA television committee made a gesture to smaller schools that never make TV but whose gate receipts are hurt by the televised games. The committee recommended that 200 of these schools be granted $5,000 each from the bubbling TV pot. This did not please the big schools. Like Al Capp's General Bullmoose, they have a simple, small ambition—to get all the money in the world. The Big Ten in particular is supposed to be chafing under the NCAA's paternal hand and is said to be contemplating talks with other money-minded major conferences about the sad situation.

### OF FLIES AND FISH

The movement to allow only fly-fishing in certain areas has reached New Mexico, which joined about 18 other states when it recently set aside some trout waters for nothing but fly-fishing (actually, flies and artificial lures). Angry bait fishermen reacted predictably. "I paid $3.50 for a license and I want to fish anywhere and any way I want to!" Bill Humphries, an area supervisor for the state, gave cogent arguments for the restriction: "It was apparent that our streams and trout could not stand the increasing fishing pressure. Trout stocking helps, but the state [was] planting hand-fed trout in streams and lakes where fishermen stood shoulder to shoulder catching

them before their backs were covered with water. Other states and countries had this problem years ago. New Zealand for decades now has had fly-fishing only, with a 14-inch minimum on all trout. Needless to say, their fishing is fabulous. Maine has more than 150 miles of trout streams where bait fishing is prohibited.

"The strongest argument against this holds that restricted fishing will help only the minority group of advanced or 'pure' fishermen, those who spent years learning their art and who own very expensive equipment. But fly-fishing can be very inexpensive, and it's easy and fun to learn. And most bait fishermen will admit that fly-fishing is a more sportsmanlike way to take trout. We have felt an increasing need through the years to stress the sporting or esthetic value of fishing rather than the quantity or 'meat' value that so many fishermen seem to think is the most important thing. We feel that most fishermen can experience as much, or more, satisfaction in catching one or two big ones as they can from taking a bag limit of six- or eight-inchers."

**SERVICE**

At the Arnold Palmer press conference in the Augusta National clubhouse after the Masters, a news photographer removed his shoes and climbed up on a table to get a better angle. After several minutes of shooting pictures, he climbed down and discovered that a porter had picked up his shoes and given them a glistening shine.

**SAPERSTEIN'S FOLLY**

The American Basketball League tried hard all season to put itself in the category of a major professional league and then just about nullified the few good notices it had by the way it conducted its championship playoff. For one thing, the third game of the final series between the Kansas City Steers and the Cleveland Pipers was started after 11 p.m. so that a game between the Harlem Globetrotters and the so-called U.S. Stars could be played first.

Then, with the teams tied in victories after the first four games—two in Cleveland and two in Kansas City—there was a mean wrangle over where the fifth and final game should be played. Abe Saperstein, commissioner of the league, owner of the Globetrotters and president of the Chicago entry in the ABL, assured the Cleveland Pipers, or so the Pipers

*continued*






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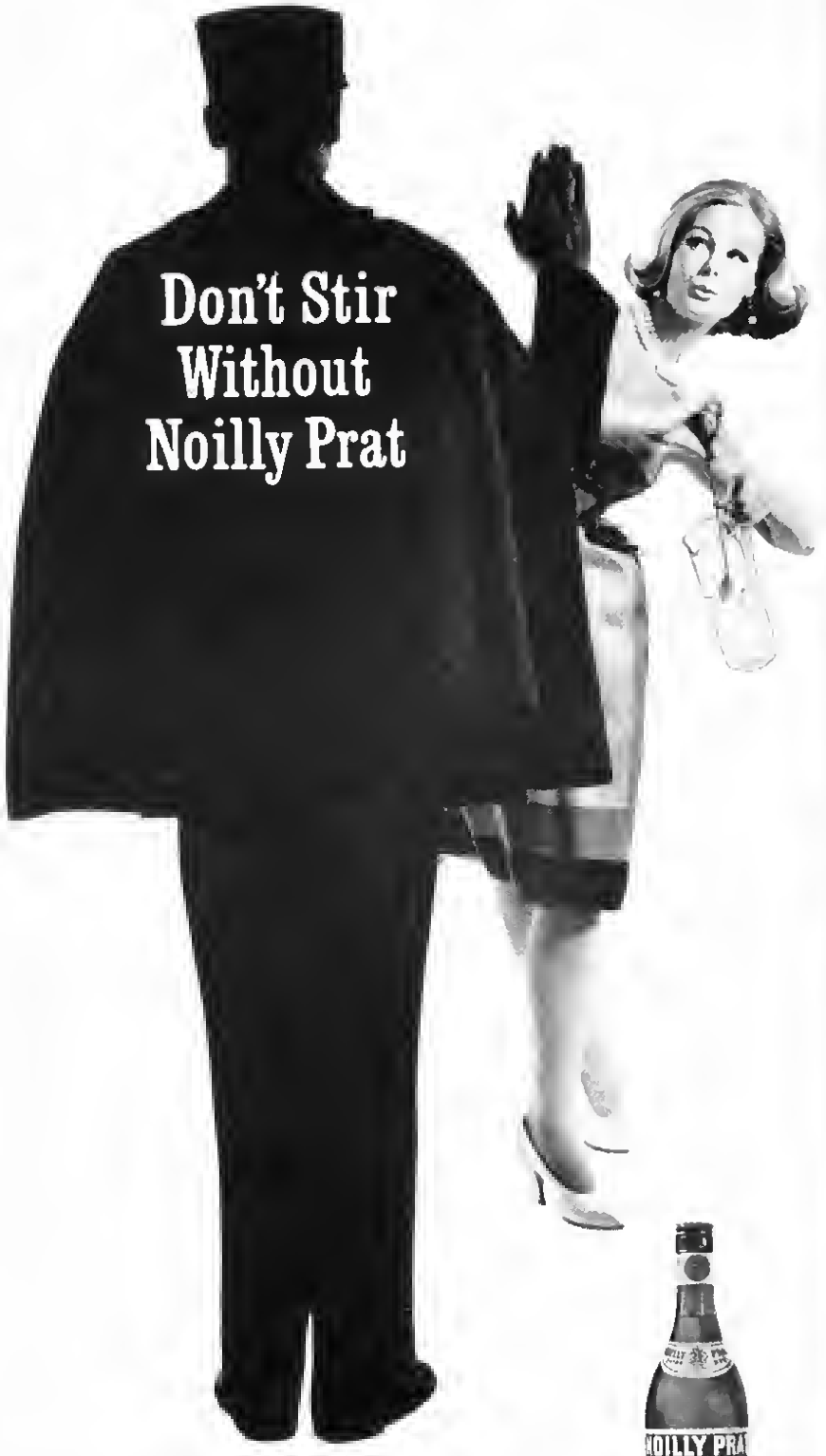
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thought, that the fifth game would be played either in Cleveland or on a neutral court.

But shortly before the fourth game Saperstein informed both team presidents that any fifth game would be played the next night, Sunday, at Rockhurst College in Kansas City in a gymnasium seating approximately 1,500 people. George Steinbrenner, Cleveland president, declared his team wouldn't show up for a Sunday night game in Kansas City. And Saperstein said he was going to see his lawyer about that. Then the Steers, while changing planes in Chicago on Sunday, were offered the option of playing the final game in St. Louis on April 14 as part of a doubleheader with the Globetrotters and U.S. Stars, or of just sharing the championship with Cleveland. The Steers turned down both offers. Saperstein then announced the playoff would occur Monday night in the Rockhurst College gym. The Cleveland players voted to go to Kansas City, and they won the championship, which by that time had diminished to a minor honor.

**QUEEN'S MOVE**

Chess fans and admirers of chic will be glad to learn that Lisa Lane, the world's prettiest chessplayer, is making a comeback. Beginning Sunday she defends her U.S. women's title in a tournament to be played at three New York City chess clubs. In England last January, Lisa fled the Hastings tournament, bowed out of one in The Netherlands and ruefully renounced chess. She told the press she was homesick and unable to concentrate. But as valid a reason might have been her failure to do as well as expected in the Women's Candidates Tournament in Yugoslavia, whose winner would challenge world champion Elizaveta Bykova of the U.S.S.R. Lisa tied for 12th out of 17 as Russian ladies took the first three places. Lisa drew with the winner, Nona Gaprindasvili, but frittered away other games through impatience and the pressure of the clock.

Challengers for Lisa's title include three ex-champions and a teen-age prodigy—14-year-old Kate Sillars. Though it's the strongest field ever assembled for this championship, Lisa, who has been studying openings with an expert, is not worried. "The main thing I learned in Yugoslavia," she says, "is that I hate to lose." **END**




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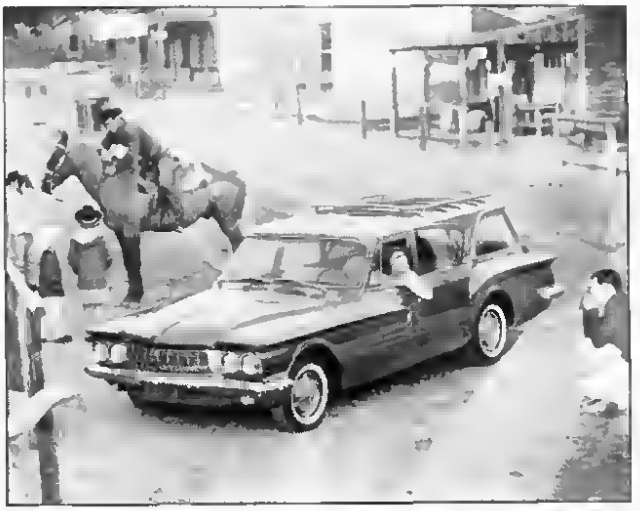
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Valiant wagons are priced from $2,285.* Compact on the outside, but inside there's 72 cubic feet of cargo space. The 101 hp Slant Six Engine gives you plenty of lively action even when you're carrying a full load. Runs fine on regular gas and doesn't use much of that.

**DODGE CUSTOM 880** ↓

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**LANCER** ↑

Lancer wagons are priced from $2,306.* They come in two series, the low priced 170 and the deluxe 770. Either way, you get a wagon that cruises at turnpike speeds, yet uses gas sparingly, as a compact should. There are two things you don't get: squeaks and rattles. The reason is Chrysler Corporation's Unibody Construction.

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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 23, 1962

# BOOM GOES



# BASEBALL

**The game busted out all over with tinseled stadiums, fascinating new teams and a touch of carnival hoopla. Outlook: more color, more interest, more baseball**

CONTINUED

*A corona of cars—13,000 of them, parked on four different levels—surrounds Chavez Ravine for the Los Angeles Dodgers' opening game.*



# TICKER TAPE, DYED GRASS, BLUE COWBOY HATS

by WALTER BINGHAM

All it lacked was 76 trombones and 50 beautiful girls 50 The opening of the baseball season, that is. The national game opened under the most gaudy, razzle-dazzle, Veeckian circumstances imaginable. There were ticker-tape parades on Broadway, stentorian speeches by city fathers in Los Angeles, record crowds in the bad-draw town of Washington and so many bright colors festooning the new stadium in Houston that players dubbed it "the rainbow sherbet." Art improved on life: the grass at Chavez Ravine was dyed greener than green; the ground crew at Houston donned fluorescent orange coveralls, blue cowboy boots trimmed with orange and blue cowboy hats. "Everybody so hoppy," said Roman Mejias of the Colt .45s, "it makes me so hoppy," whereupon he drilled a pair of three-run homers.

Baseball 1962, the liveliest corpse in town, opened officially in Washington when the President of the United States rose from his seat in the new District of Columbia Stadium (anybody who is anybody has a new stadium this year) and lobbed a ball at a grasping group of players knotted in front of him. Mr. Kennedy has lost some of his stuff this year—the pitch fell short. But the game didn't. Merrily ducking a foul ball by Willie Tasby, and at one point retreating under the stands to wait out a shower, the President—and 44,383 other fans—thoroughly enjoyed the Senators' 4–1 win over Detroit.

The new Colt .45s added to their own regional gaiety by reeling off a dazzling string of three straight wins (over Chicago) to the accompaniment of rolling drums and near-capacity houses. What did it matter that these wins were merely a harbinger of things not to come? And who cared that a Houston sportswriter pointed out that the *Titanic* had been launched 50 years before and had sunk five days later? Everyone knew that the Colt .45s would win at least a few more games in their carefully doctored home park, where the infield grass waves tall. ("They planted rice," complained Cub Coach Charlie Metro. Said Houston Manager Harry Craft: "When we make any changes in our park, it'll be to suit ourselves, no one else.")

But the biggest whoop-de-do of all was in Los Angeles, the movie, drive-in and strikeout capital of the world. After four hectic years during which he was sued, cursed and ridiculed, Walter O'Malley had turned a goat pasture called Chavez Ravine into the finest baseball stadium in the world. Some 52,000 people, just under capacity, turned out to see O'Malley's dream-come-true and, incidentally, to watch a little baseball. By the end of the first week total attendance at Chavez had exceeded 200,000, and O'Malley, who had sunk $18 private millions into his stadium, was out ordering a new, oversize money belt.

*The ump says Wally Post's out at second, but Maury Wills's throw to first is late.*



For a while there had been some doubt that the stadium would be ready in time for the opening game. Heavy winter rains delayed work, and the Los Angeles county supervisors suggested that O'Malley had better line up the Coliseum for the first Dodger home stand. But during the week before the opener the work crews labored around the clock—the glow from the stadium could be seen for miles—and O'Malley spent most of each day at the park. "Here's the gent again," said a plasterer. "We've seen more of him out here than we have our own boss."

O'Malley is a graduate engineer and he was constantly making suggestions. During the final week he inspected the Dodger dugout. "Ira," he called to his project engineer, "it seems to me this bench needs to be pulled out from the wall a couple of inches. Maybe it should have a backrest on it, too. If one of our guys is going to fall asleep out here we want him to fall back against the wall and not out on his face where 50,000 people can see him."

On the morning of the dedication ceremonies—the day before the opening game—someone asked O'Malley how he felt. "Just fine," he answered. "Really wonderful. Haven't slept in a week."

The ceremonies began on the steps of city hall. The Dodgers, in their home uniforms, sat up front in a long row and shifted back and forth impatiently as practically everyone in Los Angeles—politicians, bankers, ad men and auto dealers—was introduced. Ford Frick, the Commissioner of Baseball, made a speech in which he called O'Malley a man with the "courage, imagination and stamina to move a mountain.

"When you see that thing out there, that stadium," Frick said, waving a finger to the east, "then you will visualize the answer to some of those crybabies who say"—his voice cracked with emotion—"baseball is dying." O'Malley puffed on his 60¢ Manila cigar and smiled. Then Warren Giles, president of the National League, said something that sounded like "courage, imagination and stamina," and sat down. A third statesman predicted that the new stadium might become "a symbol of peace for this world." O'Malley smiled, then got up and told the faithful that now they knew there were other things that were long and drawn-out besides baseball. Everyone piled into a long line of shiny new cars and drove out to see what Walter O'Malley had wrought.

Chavez Ravine is a five-minute drive from downtown Los Angeles. The stadium is built to the contour of the land so that there are entrances for each of its four tiers. A five-lane drive, complete with traffic lights, encircles the stadium. Patrons are assigned parking lots on the same level with their seats, so that they can approach the stadium on the drive until they have found the proper lot. In theory, this eliminates the necessity of climbing stairs.

The outside of the stadium is painted a light blue and it is trimmed here and there with what looks like the shredded remains of silver and gold wrapping

*continued*



*Mickey Rooney hams it up in Chavez Ravine. He wasn't mad; the game hadn't started yet.*



paper. On the outfield approach to the stadium are the big block letters DODGER STADIUM. (This is to remind the Los Angeles Angels, O'Malley's tenants, just who owns the place. The Angels have insisted on calling the place Chavez Ravine. "The whole world has heard of Chavez Ravine," says Angel Owner Bob Reynolds. "You can't expect us to invite our fans out to 'Dodger Stadium.' Where's that?")

Dodger Stadium or Chavez Ravine, or the Taj Mahal, as some Los Angeles sportswriters insist on calling it, has no pillars or posts, and the field is clearly visible from each of its 56,000 seats. For this reason alone it is a magnificent stadium. The fourth tier, however, is up in the clouds, so high that from there all players look a little like Albie Pearson. Pearson, the Angels' 5-foot-6 outfielder, may not be visible at all. Despite the height of the stadium—its elevators stop at nine levels—it does not look as awesomely tall from ground level as Yankee Stadium, perhaps because the decks recede rapidly as they rise, giving a feeling of spaciousness. The Dodgers passed around a booklet which included some heartening information: if the stadium is knocked over by an earthquake it has been built to fall backwards. The booklet also said that enough concrete had gone into the stadium to build a sidewalk from Los Angeles to Mason City, Iowa.

When O'Malley, Frick and the rest of the dedication committee arrived at the stadium for the ceremonies, workmen were still scurrying around all four tiers, hammering, welding, plastering and painting. A huge orange crane stood in left field lifting sections of the electronic message board into place. The grass, which had been grown outside the stadium and then carted inside in squares a few weeks before, was uneven and splotchy. Half of it had been dyed a rich green, but the other half was an unhealthy yellow. Delivery boys raced wildly about with bunches of flowers asking ushers where such-and-such a place was. The ushers could only shrug. Even the Dodgers' batting cage got lost, preventing the team from taking batting practice. A crowd of about 5,000, who had paid $5 apiece, partly to see the stadium, partly to watch the ceremonies, but mostly to see the team work out, groaned with the announcement that the Dodgers would not hit. When the crowd was told that "the Dodgers will, however, have a spirited infield drill," the fans groaned some more and went spiritedly home.

The next morning, opening day at Chavez Ravine, the Los Angeles chief of police warned that it would probably take two hours to reach the stadium and two hours to return home. Radio stations cautioned listeners "that an error on the highway could be worse than an error on the field." As a result, the crowd began to arrive soon after breakfast.

The ushers and usherettes, spiffy in their new uniforms, were ready. The ushers were dressed in maroon jackets, gray pants and straw hats with maroon and blue bands, the outfit designed by d'Grenza of Beverly Hills. One usher showed up in a bright sports jacket.

"Where's your coat?" asked the head usher.

"They didn't have one my size," answered the man.

"Well," said the head usher. "You certainly can't come in here looking like that." The man shrugged his shoulders and left.

The usherettes wore blue suits and straw hats with red and blue bands. There was another, smaller group of girls who wore expensive blue dresses and no straw hats. They were models and they were acting as hostesses in the Stadium Club for opening day only.

The field, which had been so cluttered the day before with workers and equipment, was tidy and empty. Now the other half of the grass had been dyed and looked elegant. Gone was the crane in left field. The message board was functioning. Its first words to the public were "WLCMSX DDGZA FNSA," but before the afternoon was over it was reporting other scores, bits of information about the stadium and even the Dow-Jones closing averages, a statistic of great interest to ballplayers.

Naturally there was confusion, annoying to some, hilarious to others. The bus carrying the Cincinnati players was kept waiting in line on one of the roads leading to the stadium. When it was finally allowed to pass, the bus driver was forced to pay a dollar for parking. People parked their cars in the wrong lots and had to take the elevator up or down to their seats. When one of the two elevators broke down, the stairs were crowded with people huffing and puffing. None of them seemed to mind. There were, of course, no visible water fountains; there never are. (One was tucked away deep in the innards of the stadium, but only a few park personnel knew where it was, and they weren't telling.)

The Stadium Club kitchen was not yet ready, so lunch was served buffet style on fancy white tablecloths bearing the same kind of china that is used in the White House. There are only 750 members, all of whom paid $250 in addition to the price of a box seat for the season—another $265—for the right to join. But each member brought guests on opening day, so many that the food line stretched along the third tier from the right-field foul pole to first base. The food supply eventually gave out.

The game was an exciting one, although the Reds had the temerity to win. The first pitch in the new stadium—Johnny Podres to Eddie Kasko—was a ball. Kasko hit the next pitch into the left-field corner for a double, the first hit. A minute later he scored the first run on Vada Pinson's single. Duke Snider, who made the first Coliseum hit four years ago, singled in the second inning for the Dodgers' first hit. When John Roseboro walked, one batter later, the Dodger bugle sounded in the warm afternoon air and 50,000 people roared "Charge" in Chavez Ravine. In the fifth inning Willie Davis hit a long fly to left field, an easy home run in the Coliseum but just an out at the new stadium.

It was a rough game for Manager Walt Alston, who must win this season to keep his job. The Dodgers, behind 5–2 in the eighth inning, loaded the bases with one out. Manager Fred Hutchinson brought in Bill Henry, a left-hander, to pitch to left-hand-hitting Duke Snider. Snider is the Dodger captain and he had already made two hits, but Alston removed him for Tommy Davis. The crowd booed, the first big boo in the history of the new stadium. When Davis hit into a double play, there followed the second big boo in the history of the stadium.

The players were generally satisfied with the field. The pitchers, naturally, liked the dimensions—330 feet down each foul line. The batters liked the hitting background, a huge green canvas beyond the center-field wall which is supported by the old Coliseum left-field screen. But there were a few complaints

*President Kennedy evades a foul ball as faithful Treasury Secretary Dillon stands guard*

*continued*

about the Japanese boxes O'Malley installed behind home plate at ground level. "You can't see line drives coming out of the white-shirted background," said Pitcher Bob Purkey of the Reds, who was hit in the groin by a Duke Snider blast. "I could have been killed by balls hit at me that I never saw."

As it turned out, there was no traffic jam at all after the game. While eight helicopters whirred over the stadium looking for pictures of cars bumper to bumper, the parking lots emptied quickly and people were home in good time. The stadium workers went back to hammering and painting—for there is still a lot of minor work to be done—while up in the plush Stadium Club, with its deep aquamarine rug and old wooden beams, the members drank and discussed what they would have done if they had been managing in the eighth inning.

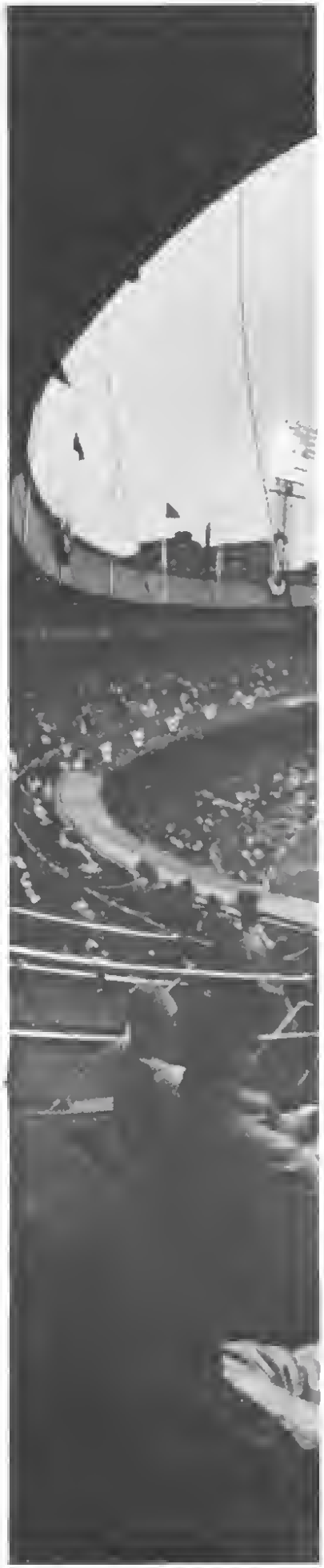
The next night the Dodgers won their first game in Chavez Ravine. They won again the night after that and the night after that. The Dodgers finished the week with four wins, two defeats and money in the till. Walter O'Malley was smiling broadly. He likes to win and he knows that his new stadium will be in perfect shape for the World Series.

•

The Polo Grounds, that grand old dowager queen of baseball parks, will be in fine shape in October, too, but only for the New York Titans of the American Football League. The New York Mets, despite a ticker-tape welcome in raw April cold and the faithful appearance of automatic National League fans, will bring no glory to Coogan's Bluff this year or any other year in the near future. George Weiss and Casey Stengel stocked their team with geriatric journeymen for now and babes in arms for the future. But one dreary week of play indicated that perhaps the two wise men of baseball had solved nothing in trying to solve everything. In monotonous succession the Mets lost four straight, appeared headed for a quiet summer in the Polo Grounds and the cellar. The focus of National League baseball remains in the wild, wild West. **END**



*Casey Stengel and George Weiss enjoy New York City ticker tape. Later, things soured.*



*A wide-angle camera confirms it was business as usual at the Polo Grounds Opening Day.*






# MY FIGHT

by JAMES A. FARLEY JR.

Boxing is under attack. A few weeks ago, television viewers all over the United States saw Benny Paret fatally injured in the ring in Madison Square Garden. I am sorry Paret died, but I believe that his death was an accident and that the attacks which have been heaped on boxing since are unwarranted and unfair. I say this as a member of the commission which approved the Paret-Griffith match. I'm tired of the abuse that the sport and the commission have had to take, and it's time some plain words were spoken in the midst of so much greatly exaggerated nonsense. I also want to offer some suggestions.

I have been a member of the commission for seven years, and in that time I have seen many people attack boxing to make headlines for themselves. This is an old technique. The Kefauver Committee did it, and the New York District Attorney's office has done it—and is doing it again right now. The same is true of some sportswriters, who find it easy to write with the benefit of hindsight; politicians, not only in my own state but as far across the country as California; psychologists, who are quick to give highly imaginative reasons why people supposedly enjoy watching fights; and professional do-gooders, who do not attend fights, do not know what they're talking about and thus become experts, such as television's David Susskind.

Their attacks are unwarranted. A death is not a happy event, but as a pure statistical fact boxing ranks low on the list of sports with fatalities. Boxers are not two brawling brutes seeking to maim or kill one another. They are two closely matched athletes seeking, through the use of such skills as footwork, timing, accuracy, punching and feinting, to determine who is the better man in the ring. Boxing calls for sportsmanship, discipline, self-reliance, sound physical fitness and courage, qualities which we have always valued. The President of the United States has himself called upon Americans to become aware of the necessity for physical fitness, and no sport is more demanding in this than boxing.

*James A. Farley Jr. is a bank president and one of three members of the New York State Athletic Commission. The son of the former Postmaster General of the U.S., the 33-year-old Farley has had a close interest in boxing since he was a youngster. Not a man to duck a battle, he has chosen this highly critical time to speak out in behalf of a sport he loves*

# IN DEFENSE OF BOXING

In my opinion, boxing is supervised better in New York than any place in the world. We have a medical advisory board that is easily the best. The boxer's physical welfare is our number one concern. Since the first of the year we have retired 12 boxers for their own good, but of course this doesn't make headlines. Any boxer who applies for a license in New York has to undergo strict examination as a matter of normal procedure. He gets an X ray, an electrocardiogram, an electroencephalogram, blood and urine tests and an eye examination. If he is knocked out, he is automatically suspended for 30 days, and he is not reinstated until he has had a neurological examination and an electroencephalogram.

What many of those criticizing boxing do not know is the service the sport renders to the people. There are very few places where a youngster who has been in trouble, or who is out on parole, can obtain work. Fortunately, boxing takes in many of them and gives them a chance at life. A good percentage of the boxers being licensed today are boys who have been in trouble with the law. Boxing gives the boys the opportunity to take pride in themselves.

Boxing faces its biggest challenge right now not from fatalities in the ring but from the TV camera. TV has taken a once flourishing sport and reduced it to a pitchman's stand for razor blades. Boxing needs a live audience. If it doesn't have one it will die. I have seen boxing in Madison Square Garden deteriorate from the pre-TV days, when an ordinary Friday night fight would be a sellout, to the present, when a world championship fight fills less than half the house.

Before TV came along, boxing was thriving. On almost any night of the week there was a fight club going in New York. Then TV came along and gave away a free Monday night show, a Wednesday night show and a Friday night show. This killed off the small clubs where a boy learns his craft. Now boxers are being brought along too fast, before they have a chance to develop, to satisfy the constant demand of TV for new faces. If a fighter wins a couple of fights, he's rushed up and boom—he's knocked off.

In time the fight ratings on TV began to drop, and the shows passed away one by one, just as the small fight clubs did. The TV people then moved the Friday night fight to Saturday night because Friday night time was too valuable to toss away on boxing. It won't be long before the Saturday night ratings get so bad that they'll want to move the fights to Sunday afternoon.

TV not only destroyed clubs, but took the personality out of boxing. The Garden has a yearly contract for fights on TV. They don't care if you or I fight. If a fighter comes up fast, they use him. In the old days a fighter not only had to be good, but he had to have a drawing appeal. Ray Robinson, Archie Moore, Carmen Basilio, they had personalities. Billy Graham—here was a fighter who was never a champion but he had a great following. TV has killed all of that. Most of the ills of recent years have stemmed from the control of television through the auspices of Jim Norris, the IBC and their associates. They reduced boxing to the shell we have today.

**Outvoted each year**

Boxing can be restored, but only if TV is eliminated completely. By eliminating TV, boxing would go back to the small clubs and start rebuilding again. Whether the future will hold any of the glories of the past only time will tell. I have endeavored for the last three years to have the Garden's TV contract cancelled. This TV contract comes under the jurisdiction of the New York commission, but I have been outvoted each year. This year when the TV contract comes up for its annual renewal, I will try my best to see that it is not approved. I want boxing given back to the boxing fans, not a TV audience. I am convinced that much of the hysteria about Benny Paret's accidental death was due directly to TV. The way the TV camera replayed the tragedy in slow motion cannot be forgiven.

Representative Abraham Multer of New York has introduced a bill to outlaw the national televising of fights. I back this most heartily and lend it all possible support. I also think that closed-circuit television fights should be outlawed as well. I don't want to see a small group of men again control the destinies of boxing.

Besides forbidding the televising of fights, I would like to see the absolute elimination of return bout contracts for title fights. It's ridiculous to see two men, such as Patterson and Johansson or Pender and Downes, tie up a title for two or three years and stifle a division while they stage private tournaments. If a man wins a championship, he shouldn't have to win it twice to prove he is really the champion. The defeated champion should fight a top contender to prove that he is worthy to fight for the title once more. This would make for better matches and more fights. The Patterson-Liston fight has not even been approved anywhere, but already the terms for a possible return bout have been announced. For tax reasons this return fight wouldn't take place until the summer or fall of 1963, and to show how ridiculous this is, if Liston won the first fight and Patterson the second, we'd be treated to the sight of a third return bout in the latter part of 1964.

There are other possible ways to improve boxing. One is the use of head protectors. Another would be to have a longer layoff than 30 days after a knockout or even after a hard fight with no knockout. It might be better to cut rounds from three to two minutes each and make championship fights 12 rounds instead of 15. In championship fights we might use eight-ounce gloves instead of six-ounce gloves. It might be better to have three judges instead of two. The third judge would replace the referee as a scorer. The referee would then be able to concentrate fully on the conduct of the bout and the condition of the fighters. If a boy is in trouble, the referee would be able to check the corner immediately instead of taking time out to mark his card.

All considered, it would be foolish to abolish boxing. The history of the sport shows that when it is outlawed it just flourishes underground. There would be fights in garages; there would be no medical supervision and no protection against mismatches. If we can keep calm, a lot can be done for boxing, and boxing can do a lot for the country. **END**

# WHICH IS THE BEST SPORTS

**The U.S.? Russia? It depends on how and what you count, but this year will be the biggest one ever**

As a concentrated glorification of sport, nothing can jostle that embroidered sampler, the Olympic Games. But in 1962, halfway between the last Olympics and the next, the world will accumulate an unmatchable wealth of sporting performances. Before this entr'acte is done, no less than 25,000 athletes from nearly every nation on earth will meet on international terms to test one another in everything from jumping out of an airplane above Orange, Mass. to leaping a hurdle in Jakarta, Indonesia or sinking a basketball in Manila. And, as a rule, every time someone from one country faces someone from another, world supremacy or international prestige or both will be at stake.

How the several nations engaged are likely to wind up at year's end in 40 major sports (twice the number contested in the summer and winter Olympics) is shown in the chart below. Prepared by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the chart assigns standings and points (five for first place, three for second, one for third) on the basis of the best available facts—and hunches. Admittedly, some of the sports listed are parochial in their scope—*e.g.*, football in the U.S., cricket in the British Commonwealth—but the picture the

| SPORT | WORLD'S BEST | SPORT | WORLD'S BEST |
|---|---|---|---|
| ARCHERY | 1 U.S.<br>2 BELGIUM<br>3 FINLAND | CYCLING | 1 BELGIUM<br>2 ITALY<br>3 FRANCE |
| AUTO RACING | 1 ITALY<br>2 GREAT BRITAIN<br>3 GERMANY | EQUESTRIAN | 1 ITALY<br>2 GERMANY<br>3 U.S. |
| BADMINTON | 1 INDONESIA<br>2 THAILAND<br>3 DENMARK | FENCING | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 POLAND<br>3 FRANCE |
| BASEBALL | 1 U.S.<br>2 JAPAN<br>3 PUERTO RICO | FIGURE SKATING | 1 CANADA<br>2 CZECHOSLOVAKIA<br>3 GERMANY |
| BASKETBALL | 1 U.S.<br>2 U.S.S.R.<br>3 BRAZIL | FIELD HOCKEY | 1 PAKISTAN<br>2 INDIA<br>3 GREAT BRITAIN |
| BOBSLEDDING | 1 ITALY<br>2 GERMANY<br>3 U.S. | FOOTBALL | 1 U.S.<br>2 CANADA |
| BOXING | 1 U.S.<br>2 ARGENTINA<br>3 GREAT BRITAIN | GOLF | 1 U.S.<br>2 AUSTRALIA<br>3 GREAT BRITAIN |
| CANOEING | 1 RUMANIA<br>2 U.S.S.R.<br>3 HUNGARY | GYMNASTICS | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 JAPAN<br>3 CZECHOSLOVAKIA |
| CHESS | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 U.S.<br>3 YUGOSLAVIA | HARNESS RACING | 1 U.S.<br>2 FRANCE<br>3 ITALY |
| CRICKET | 1 AUSTRALIA<br>2 GREAT BRITAIN<br>3 WEST INDIES | HORSE RACING | 1 U.S.<br>2 FRANCE<br>3 GREAT BRITAIN |

# COUNTRY IN THE WORLD?

chart gives is still an accurate measure of the athletic interest and proficiency of the 35 nations prominently involved. Whether a man agrees with its conclusions may depend on his point of view. And his homeland.

Ten years ago a chart like this would have been half the size; that was before Soviet athletes emerged into sports competition at the 1952 Helsinki Olympics and taught a new lesson to Western politicians: athletic superiority is one of the cheapest—and most effective—propaganda tools available. If a Moscow boy can whip a Boston boy at the high jump, the whole world, rightly or wrongly, sees in it more than sporting significance.

Quick to catch on to the techniques of playing at worldwide cold war (and qu'ck to get busy to avoid being skunked by the Russians), the free world has accordingly adopted a new attitude toward excellence in world sport. It translates: "Beat the Reds."

As the chart shows, gloomily, the Reds don't beat easy. With no international standing whatsoever in 1951, Soviet ath etes today figure in the top ranks of half of the world's games, and are in second place in this overall accounting. They are even learning—by energetic design—to beat the West where the West is best: in basketball, crew and ice hockey. But the figures also prove that, for the present anyway, there is still no athlete like a U.S. athlete.

CONTINUED

| SPORT | WORLD'S BEST |
|---|---|
| ICE HOCKEY | 1 CANADA<br>2 U.S.S.R.<br>3 CZECHOSLOVAKIA |
| JUDO | 1 JAPAN<br>2 KOREA (SOUTH)<br>3 U.S.S.R. |
| MODERN PENTATHLON | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 HUNGARY<br>3 U.S. |
| MOTORCYCLE RACING | 1 GREAT BRITAIN<br>2 SOUTHERN RHODESIA<br>3 AUSTRALIA |
| PARACHUTE JUMPING | 1 U.S.<br>2 U.S.S.R.<br>3 FRANCE |
| ROWING | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 GERMANY<br>3 ITALY |
| RUGBY | 1 SOUTH AFRICA<br>2 FRANCE<br>3 NEW ZEALAND |
| SHOOTING | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 GERMANY<br>3 U.S. |
| SKIING | 1 AUSTRIA<br>2 SWEDEN<br>3 GERMANY |
| SPEED SKATING | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 NETHERLANDS<br>3 SWEDEN |
| SOCCER | 1 BRAZIL<br>2 GERMANY<br>3 GREAT BRITAIN |
| SWIMMING | 1 U.S.<br>2 JAPAN<br>3 AUSTRALIA |
| TABLE TENNIS | 1 CHINA (RED)<br>2 JAPAN<br>3 HUNGARY |
| TENNIS | 1 AUSTRALIA<br>2 U.S.<br>3 ITALY |
| TRACK & FIELD | 1 U.S.<br>2 U.S.S.R.<br>3 NEW ZEALAND |
| VOLLEYBALL | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 POLAND<br>3 CZECHOSLOVAKIA |
| WATER POLO | 1 HUNGARY<br>2 ITALY<br>3 U.S.S.R. |
| WEIGHT LIFTING | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 POLAND<br>3 U.S. |
| WRESTLING | 1 U.S.S.R.<br>2 TURKEY<br>3 IRAN |
| YACHTING | 1 DENMARK<br>2 U.S.<br>3 GREAT BRITAIN |

## MAN FOR MAN, IT'S AUSTRALIA

With a total of 69 points to Russia's 67 (*see below*), the U.S. just barely wins the race for headline space. But though both nations outstrip their closest rivals, Italy and Germany, almost three to one, their high ranking is deceptive. Both countries, culturally oriented toward sport, are able to draw upon vast resources of manpower. Thus it is not surprising that both are able to find someone someplace who can honorably represent his country abroad.

But, looked at another way, the best sports nation in the world ought to be the one able to do the most with what there is to work with. The winner on these man-to-man conditions is Australia. With a population less than that of Pennsylvania, Australia leads or challenges the leaders in five of the 40 sports listed on the preceding pages. Her standings add up to only 15 points, but 15 points for 10.5 million people give a score of 1.428 points per million, the highest relative score of the 35 nations surveyed here.

Because statistical tables are frequently subject to tricks and traps, one must make allowances and try not to titter over the positions of nations like Southern Rhodesia. Blessed with a handful of good motorcycle riders and having a population of only three million, Southern Rhodesia can claim but scarcely deserves her third-place tie with water-polo-playing Hungary (whose strength in ping-pong may be little more convincing). Still, the fact remains that the U.S., No. 1 on the first chart, is far down the list, at No. 13 position, on this one (boos) But notice also that Soviet Russia, at No. 16, is even farther down than that (cheers). **END**

| NATION | TOTAL POINTS | POPULATION IN MILLIONS | POINTS PER MILLION |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. AUSTRALIA | 15 | 10.5 | 1.428 |
| 2. DENMARK | 6 | 4.5 | 1.333 |
| 3. HUNGARY | 10 | 10 | 1.000 |
| 3. SO. RHODESIA | 3 | 3 | 1.000 |
| 5. BELGIUM | 8 | 9 | .889 |
| 6. NEW ZEALAND | 2 | 2.5 | .800 |
| 7. CANADA | 13 | 18 | .722 |
| 8. AUSTRIA | 5 | 7 | .714 |
| 9. SWEDEN | 4 | 7.5 | .533 |
| 10. ITALY | 24 | 51 | .471 |
| 11. CZECHO. | 6 | 13.5 | .444 |
| 12. PUERTO RICO | 1 | 2.5 | .400 |
| 13. U.S. | 69 | 180 | .383 |
| 14. GREAT BRITAIN | 17 | 52.5 | .324 |
| 15. SOUTH AFRICA | 5 | 16 | .313 |
| 16. U.S.S.R. | 67 | 214.5 | .312 |
| 17. POLAND | 9 | 29.5 | .305 |
| 18. WEST INDIES | 1 | 3.5 | .286 |

| NATION | TOTAL POINTS | POPULATION IN MILLIONS | POINTS PER MILLION |
|---|---|---|---|
| 19. RUMANIA | 5 | 18.5 | .270 |
| 20. FRANCE | 12 | 45.5 | .264 |
| 21. NETHERLANDS | 3 | 11.5 | .261 |
| 22. GERMANY | 18 | 73 | .246 |
| 23. FINLAND | 1 | 4.5 | .222 |
| 24. JAPAN | 17 | 93.5 | .182 |
| 25. ARGENTINA | 3 | 21 | .143 |
| 26. KOREA (SOUTH) | 3 | 25 | .120 |
| 27. THAILAND | 3 | 25.5 | .118 |
| 28. TURKEY | 3 | 28 | .107 |
| 29. BRAZIL | 6 | 68 | .088 |
| 30. INDONESIA | 5 | 92.5 | .054 |
| 30. YUGOSLAVIA | 1 | 18.5 | .054 |
| 32. PAKISTAN | 5 | 94 | .053 |
| 33. IRAN | 1 | 20.5 | .048 |
| 34. CHINA (RED) | 5 | 670 | .007 |
| 34. INDIA | 3 | 438 | .007 |

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# IT'S ONLY A PAPER HOUSE

**But this new dwelling, on the edge of a real live sea, is versatile and surprisingly durable. Please turn the page to learn how to assemble and live in a Paradome**







# Portable Comforts of Home

Checking into a Detroit airport for a jet flight one day last fall, an industrial designer named Bill Moss placed a flattish, oblong box on an airline's luggage scale. Six feet long, three feet wide and seven inches thick, the box weighed 80 pounds, just twice his luggage allowance. Accepting the box as baggage, the ticket agent asked out of curiosity what was inside.

"Oh," said Moss airily, "it's just my house."

In another attitude, Moss's house is pictured on the preceding pages. It is erected on a sugar-sand beach near Sarasota, Fla., and it made the trip from Michigan this time folded up in the back of his station wagon. Such fancy tricks of transport are possible with Moss's house because it is made almost entirely of paper and plastic, exceptions being aluminum tubing that supports the domed plastic roof and wall-length aluminum hinges connecting its 13 fold-up panels. Spacious and light inside, strikingly handsome outside and a marvel of practicality and semipermanence, the paper house—unfolded from its carton—can be set up by two people in about 20 minutes. As a sort of cross between a tent and a cabin, it will sleep two comfortably, four adequately and, provided they're good friends, six snugly. Moss thinks his creation will last eight years, depending on how hard it is used.

Called the Paradome by its manufacturer, Outdoor Fibre Products of Chelsea, Mich., the house was developed by Moss in his design studios in Ann Arbor, Mich. while he was working on similar portable shelters (*e.g.*, field hospitals and headquarters) for the Army Quartermaster Corps. A camper and fisherman himself, he saw its possibilities as a vacation house, and will have it on the market at about $300 early this summer. (Once Moss and his associates got started working with paper and plastic they couldn't stop. They have also designed—as the photographs show—a catamaran with a paper sail, a $40, 15-pound ice fisherman's shanty, a $5 doghouse, an assortment of paper birds and animals to transmogrify little children and a selection of paper birdhouses. All but the boat are either in production or already on sale. The birds, says Bill Moss, like paper houses fine.)

In the man-sized paper houses the weatherproof walls are stiff panels of ¼-inch plastic foam bonded between heavy sheets of plastic-impregnated kraft paper. The result, says Moss, is no longer either paper or plastic but a new material altogether. Light and air are admitted through four plastic screened windows and a door. The umbrellalike aluminum roof frame is fitted into sockets in the sidewalls, and a nylon cord threaded around the inside perimeter of the house is tightened on a small winch, drawing the whole thing ingeniously together. The tension of walls and roof working against each other keeps the house rigid. A white translucent plastic cover is spread over the roof frame and snapped into place. The house is so strong it has supported two feet of snow on its roof. It has withstood windstorms that have carried off tents.

Accessories now being developed will give the house a more finished look and more livable aspects. They include a solid-wall room divider, folding wall shelves, a plastic ground cover, a plastic kitchen counter and an outside canopy to soften the Paradome's angles. (Happily, Moss vetoed the manufacturer's suggestion that they offer an optional interior printed with a knotty-pine motif.)

While there is no argument that a plastic-and-paper house costs more than a good-quality tent with the same floor space (123 square feet), it has certain clear advantages over canvas. The material of the walls will not rot or mildew, the plastic foam inside the sidewalls effectively insulates against summer heat and winter cold, and the house is far less oppressive than most tents. For its size, it is just as easy to set up.

The idea may offend the outdoor purist, but once mass production brings the cost of the Paradome within reach of even the casual camper, as Moss thinks it will, roughing it and all the comforts of home will be almost synonymous.

—Huston Horn

**PARADOME'S UTILITY** is increased by folding counter and shelves, and its bright interior can be livened up by colorful furnishings.



# MASSACRE ON A MUDDY PLAIN



Walter Iooss Jr.

**OVERPOWERED** and outmaneuvered by a Hopkins midfielder, Princeton's Joe Nelson is left in mud as his team is drubbed.

*by* ***JOHN UNDERWOOD***

**Springtime's fiercest game is lacrosse, once played for blood by Indians and now played for glory by collegians. The sport's focal point is Baltimore, where Johns Hopkins fights for a championship**

In *The Great Tussle with Hopkins*, a work dealing with heroics in that sometimes violent and always exhausting game of lacrosse, Frank Merriwell had an especially heavy time of it. The captain of the Johns Hopkins University team attempted to take Frank's girl (unsuccessfully), conspired to get him to smoke (unsuccessfully), to get him to drink (unsuccessfully), to have him beaten up (Merriwell won by a knockout) and in a last flash of satanic inspiration tried to put him out of the game by cracking his skull with a lacrosse stick. At the end of the story Merriwell tells the imaginative but villainous Hopkins man: "I don't know how you happened to be chosen captain of the Hopkins team. You can play lacrosse, but you are a dirty fellow."

As the picture at left shows, it is unnecessary to play dirty lacrosse to become a dirty fellow. It is, in fact, a misconception shared by thousands who know a little bit about the game that dirty fellows naturally gravitate to it because in it they can slake their devilish thirsts. It is a riotous sport. Sticks and bodies fly. The seeming alternative for the practitioner is to skewer or be skewered. But refinement has come steadily since the bloody days of its origin when Indians played to kill. Nobody gets killed playing lacrosse anymore. It only seems like it.

Even those Mephistopheles at Johns Hopkins, that Maryland school which feels as fervently about lacrosse and plays it as well as Notre Dame does football, have changed since Merriwell. The present captain of the team, Henry Ciccarone, is a loving father who hasn't stolen anybody's girl in years. Jerry Schmidt *(see cover)* is an All-America attackman who hits like a fullback and has been known to cause suffering, but he is a mannerly boy and always says he's sorry. "Why, lacrosse people are always nice people," says Jack Kelly, who publicizes the game (*Lacrosse Newsletter*, circ. 1,100) out of the goodness of his own nice heart. They are also all

*continued*

peculiarly devoted to their art, which is, if not vicious, no tippy-toes game either.

As has been the case for 70 years, the major lacrosse powers are on the East Coast. The University of Maryland, Virginia and Duke compete eagerly to get a share of the slickest prep school players in the Maryland area and turn out teams with considerable finesse. Navy gets local talent, too, and adds enough football players to be both fast and strong, while Army has done well by emphasizing muscle. But regardless of how any individual season goes—Army and Navy



SCHMIDT SHOOTS AGAINST PRINCETON

were co-champions last year—it is Johns Hopkins, with its 19 national titles, which reigns as the symbolic and often the actual leader of the sport.

At Hopkins there are no subsidized athletics. The school ended athletic scholarships in 1935, and stopped charging admission to all sports in 1938. It is now considered gauche at Hopkins to fawn over football players. But neither Hopkins nor Baltimore itself will brook indifference to lacrosse, a unique love which the city holds as dear as its crab cakes and its Preakness. Half the country may spell it La Crosse, or think it is a vegetable to be creamed and served with spareribs, but in Baltimore it is regal. Undefiled by scholarships, small-time in every other sport, Johns Hopkins plays big-time lacrosse. Jerry Schmidt, who was carrying his first lacrosse stick at 4 and has been a star since his early teens, is typical of the town product.

On the day of the recent Yale game the Johns Hopkins campus offered for intellectual perusal a science fair in the gymnasium, where the effects of tranquilizers and stimulants on certain daphnia shellfish were on display, and a political campaign, for which the posters were sublime: "Matt Crenson is insecure, frustrated, emotionally unstable. Vote for him for class representative. He'll feel lots better."

But Yale and lacrosse were the big attention-getters. The crowd arrived early at Homewood Stadium and was noisy. It was particularly aware of the progress of young Schmidt, which was neither political nor scientific, but intemperately directed toward the Yale goal. He scored five times. The crowd cheered. Six leggy cheerleaders chorused nasally, "All here for Hopkins, stand up and *twist!*" and then heaved into the orbit of that dance, with sufficient flair to stimulate the most lab-softened daphnia.

It began to rain as the score mounted against poor Yale, and some timorous fans retired to the gym to pay perfunctory respects to the science exhibits and to crane their wet necks to see if they could still catch a glimpse of the action on the field, where the score eventually reached 15–7. "Lacrosse," groaned one exhibitor, upset at the muddy footprints and lack of scientific interest, "lacrosse is too much."

That's what the white settlers used to say about it. Lacrosse is indigenous to America (not to Baltimore, which came upon it circumstantially); it is the old Indian game of *teiontsesiksaheks*, or baggataway, and got its present name when French settlers saw the curved sticks and were reminded of their word for the bishop's crosier—*la crosse*. The Indian game flowed with the landscape. Goals ranged from village to village, with as many as a thousand braves to a side, but the numbers diminished as the pace quickened. Fractures and fatalities were considered the luck of the game.

Today lacrosse is played 10 men to a side on a field 110 yards long and 70 yards wide. The goals (similar in size and shape to the soccer goal) are 80 yards apart. Boundaries are a fairly recent addition, partly to bring some tidiness to the game and partly to eliminate slashing behind the barn and elbowing in the dogwood. A Rutgers man once chased a Lehigh ballcarrier under the grandstand. After some moments the Rutgers man emerged with the ball. The Lehigh man emerged eventually.

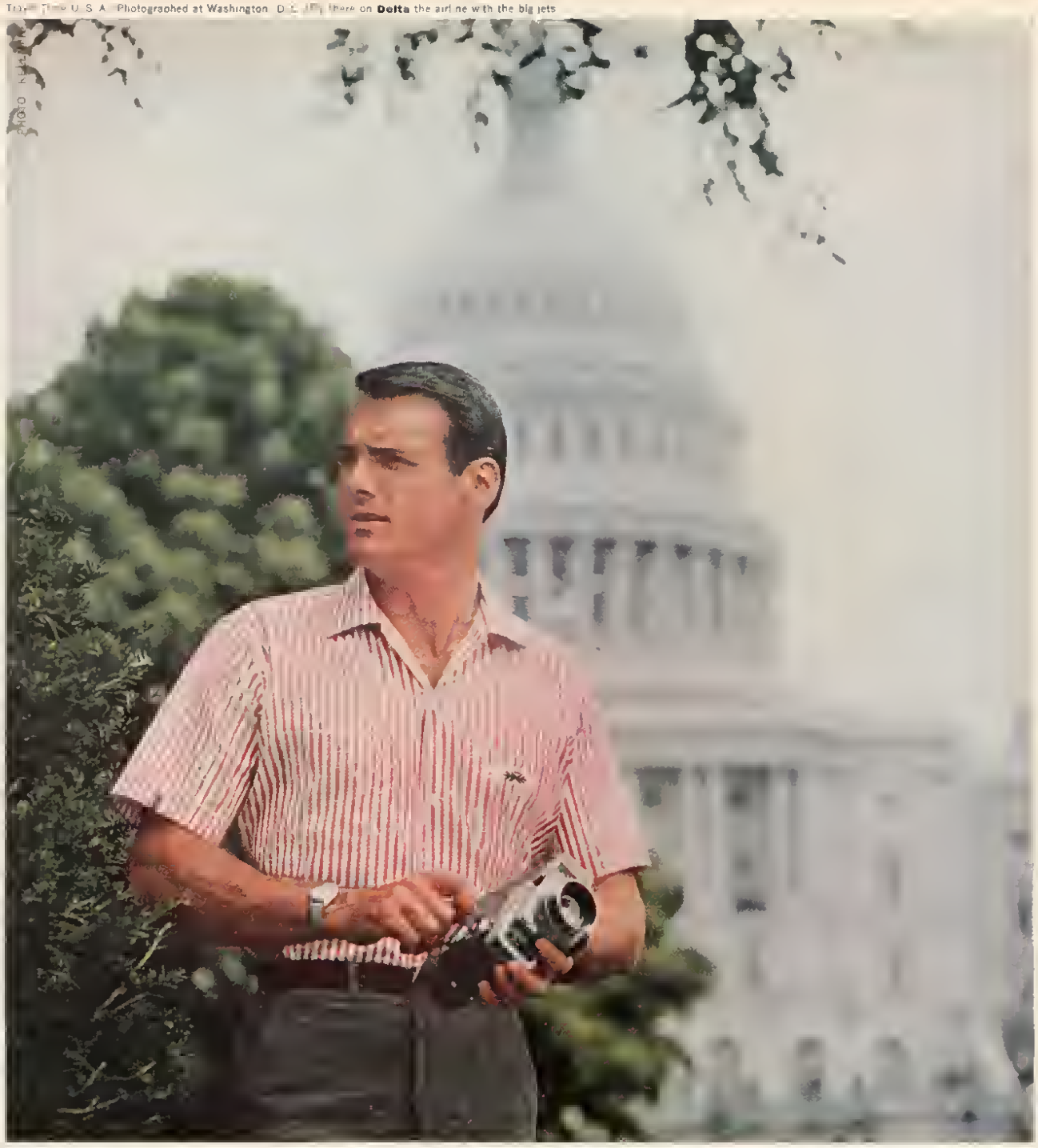
Actually, the game is not quite as brutal as it might appear. It is fast and cute, like basketball. It demands more sustained exertion than football, though its body contact is less frequent. Its main requirement, especially on its fleet little attackmen who contend with defensemen twice their size, is a rugged willingness to get knocked flat and come up charging for the ball again. Like hockey, its blocking and body checking are isolated and therefore spectacular. The Indians played nine-tenths naked, but the modern lacrosse player is outfitted in a fiber-glass helmet, face guard, cleats, thick forearm-length gloves, shoulder and body padding (called "armor plating" by disdainful oldtimers who never used helmets or face guards) and, to complete the ensemble, a pair of short shorts. These give the lacrosse player an air of incompleteness, as if he had started to dress and then had experienced a change of heart. Only the goalie wears long pants, to ease some of the sting when a hard rubber ball shot at 100 mph bounces off his legs. (A goalie can be identified on any Maryland beach in the early summertime by his white legs and bruised, blue chest.)

The sticks—they must never be called rackets or bats—used to carry the five-ounce India rubber ball are from three to six feet long. Attackmen use a short stick to facilitate cutting and shooting; defensemen use long and heavier ones to knock down passes and swat foes. The shaft is of bent hickory, with the net at the end made of either catgut or rawhide strips.

The stick is a formidable weapon. Watching a practice session at West Point, Doc Blanchard, the esteemed All-America fullback of the mid-'40s, shuddered and declared he would "have no part of a sport that permits fellows like Hank Foldberg and Ug Fuson to perform with sticks in their hands." The flailing for a loose ball is terrific, with the players looking like a swarm of African

*continued*

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*Ted Williams examines remarkable new bait-casting reel which Sears sells for* **$20.**

# How Sears developed a better bait-casting reel —thanks to Ted Williams

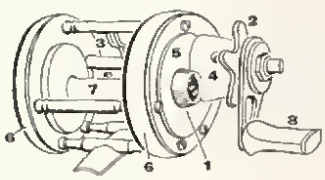
**Ted Williams, new full-time consultant for Sears, Roebuck and Co. on sporting goods, is a stickler for detail. "This free-spool feature is something I'm 100% sold on. The reel is a sweetheart. There's only one small change I'd make in it." Read what Ted was talking about.**

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Sears designers got to work and quickly handmade several single-arm handles according to Ted's suggestions. Ted looked them over and picked one. Molds were made and that handle is now on this new bait-casting reel.

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8. Handle that Ted had redesigned.

*DuPont Reg T M.

The free instructional color film, "Duck Hunting with Ted Williams," is available to interested organizations Order from Modern Talking Picture Service, 3 East 54th St , New York 22, N.Y

bushbeaters flushing game. The rules specify that one can legally whack only the gloves or stick of an opponent. Some swings and jabs stray, of course—there are only two officials and they can't see everything. It is a debilitating game, especially for midfielders, who must cover the entire length of the field. But serious injuries are infrequent. All-America Schmidt's only wound is a 13-stitch scar on his mouth. He got that playing football.

Given speed and stamina, the other thing a good lacrosse player must develop is stickwork. This is the art of the game. Lacrosse players give their sticks tender care, patiently shaping and forming the gutted pocket. By a measured jerk of forearms and wrists (both hands going at once), the ball is disgorged from the stick at surprising speeds. While he is running, the player keeps the ball in the net pocket, hopefully impervious to hostile jabs, by constantly twisting the wrist, as one revs a motorbike.

Uniquely, the lacrosse player dearly loves to practice. Unlike many sports, lacrosse practice *is* play. Jimmy Brown of the Cleveland Browns, an All-America at Syracuse, found in lacrosse none of the five-day-a-week drudgery of football. "It's a game all the way," he said, "rough as football at times . . . and there is always the stick." Schmidt gets in shape for the lacrosse season by playing first-string end on the Hopkins football team. Like many lacrosse players in the Baltimore area, he views football as a mere conditioner.

This is how it has been there since 1878, when a touring track team returned to Baltimore from Newport with news of a "most activating and exciting new game." Now the first signs of a Baltimore spring are the dents in auto fenders where youngsters have missed passes while playing catch en route to school, and fans find themselves having trouble thinking about that more typical springtime sport, baseball. One day in 1956 the Navy-Maryland lacrosse game drew 11,500 paying customers while the Baltimore Orioles were playing to 3,800 at the same time.

A native Baltimorean hesitates to admit he can't play lacrosse, and learns to talk a good game in any event. Wherever he subsequently wanders he evangelizes—there is no game, he says, like the great game of lacrosse and why don't we have some right now? The origin of almost all the nation's lacrosse coaches can be traced to Baltimore, where the city's schools play it, colleges play it, and the Baltimore and Mount Washington lacrosse clubs were organized for those who still weren't satiated with the game.

The clubs enjoy a strange existence. Their teams are made up of former college players, many of whom are ex-All-Americas, and they play (and usually beat) the best college teams. The clubs practice and play for nothing, and their members participate until they are too old to compete with the more recent graduates. Little else than age benches an avid club player. Karl Rippelmeyer, an ex-Navy All-America, commuted from Quantico, Va. to play as an attackman for the Baltimore club all last season.

A lacrosse follower invariably can be heard explaining how the game is "spreading like wildfire," and it is true that lacrosse has found many new homes. Beyond the suburbs of Baltimore, however, the wildfire is under control. There are established hotbeds—the service academies, some Ivy colleges and such smaller eastern schools as Hofstra. New converts have been made in Colorado and California, and Ohio State is leading a midwestern spurt of interest in the game. But lacrosse can be a real spectator attraction only where it is played well. When played poorly, the scrambling at midfield is no more artful or sporting than an army of panhandlers diving after a discarded cigar. "Inexperience shows in all sports," says Jack Kelly, a realist and former All-America at Maryland. "It shows especially in lacrosse. Our sport is growing, but slowly, with control."

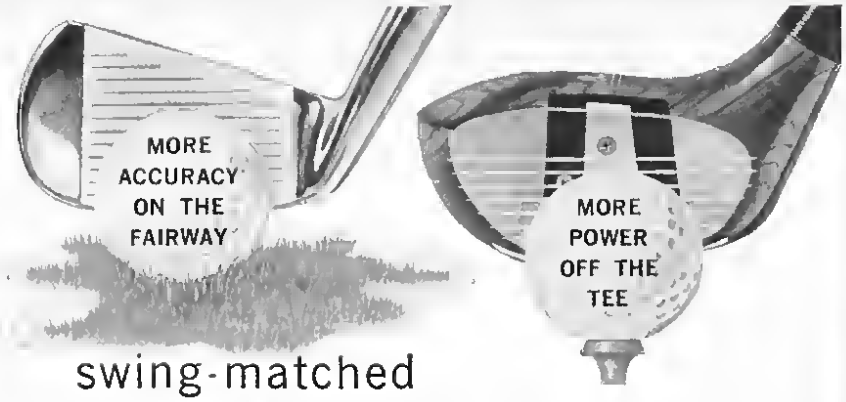
Lacrosse is a game for girls, too. Strong national girls' teams are fielded in other countries, and the ladies at Smith College have zestfully played and been beaten by touring teams from Ireland and England. The girls' game prohibits contact, which enables them to forgo the armorplate and appear fetching, except for the goalie, who is uniformed like Yogi Berra.

Molly Schmidt, a pretty blonde Baltimore debutante who married Jerry Schmidt, played girls' lacrosse but found it boring and much prefers watching her husband's team in action. Raised in a lacrosse tradition, she comes from a large family of lacrosse players and devotees. Her uncle, Howard Myers, is the head coach at Hofstra.

*continued*



CRADLING BALL AS HE MAKES FAVORITE MOVE, SCHMIOT CIRCLES TIGER GOAL




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The Schmidts occupy the third floor of her family's home in fashionable Guilford. There is always a family turnout for Jerry's games; Molly has missed only one—a football game last fall, the day she had Ann Austin, their 5½-month-old daughter. Hopkins teammate Bobby Mayne's wife isn't allowed at the games because he says she makes him nervous. But Molly Schmidt sits near the Hopkins bench and cheers mightily. She has had dreams of Jerry winning the scoring championship.

This is a reasonable dream. Schmidt made 32 goals last year, becoming the sixth leading scorer among major college teams. He is not big (170 pounds) and is not overly fast, but he has forearms like Alley Oop and what his coach, Bobby Scott, calls "a knack for getting the ball in the goal." Schmidt will lurk behind the opponent's goal until he gets the ball; then, cradling it to his side like a short-order cook with a hot skillet, he cuts around the left side of the goal. He always goes to the left because he is left-handed. Though every opponent stacks him strong to the left side, they still cannot stop him. "If there's an opening any bigger than a keyhole, he'll get through," says an admiring teammate. "And when he's mad, he'll knock you down. Legally, of course." Conversely, Schmidt has been known to offer opposing defensemen sincere advice on how to improve their game.

After scoring five goals against Yale, Schmidt got four in a 15–9 Hopkins rout of Princeton. Then last Saturday he scored the crucial goal which put Hopkins ahead 9–8 as the Baltimore team beat its toughest rival to date, previously undefeated Virginia, 12–8. With Schmidt at his best, Hopkins can challenge Army, Navy and Virginia for the national championship this year.

It is fitting that Hopkins is a contender, as it has been regularly for 20 years, for in proud Baltimore they do not take kindly to lacrosse mediocrity. Hopkins lost all its games one year and was tartly reminded in the yearbook—*The Hopkinsian*—that the record was attributable to "a careful and long-continued abstinence from training and practice which has become proverbial in Johns Hopkins athletes. . . . We blush to own it. The team had what is vulgarly known as a 'swell head.'" This year it certainly has been practicing. **END**



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*Photographs by Neil Leifer*

# FURY IN A FROTHY POOL

Ordinarily the water polo players of Cerritos Junior College in California play fair, but in the picture opposite they are intently mauling each other in accordance with the rules (or, rather, lack of them) of the '30s.

In the beginning water polo took two forms. Using a well-inflated ball, Europeans developed the present international game that outlaws underwater mayhem and stresses swimming and ball handling on the surface. Americans evolved their own brawny game, a frothy turmoil of gasping, purple-faced men thrashing after a half-inflated ball that could be carried underwater where the referee could not see and only one rule applied: do unto your opponent as you know he hopes to do unto you. The American sport died before World War II, victim of its own excessive violence. U.S. teams today play the orderly modern game (*following pages*). But the old rough game is still in their blood, and the men of Cerritos, by indulging in it now and then, preserve lively memories of the sporting past.







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'62 FORD WAGONS



# *Tip: pick a winner out of your hat*

**The evidence is obscure but here is some guidance for doping this year's field of Derby long shots**

A month ago the outlook for the Kentucky Derby was a mess. Horses were sick, injured or mysteriously off form. Today, after a few races that could be considered Derby qualifiers, things are even more confused. This encourages the large and optimistic class of long-shot bettors but seriously embarrasses the professional horseman and handicapper.

In the first place, of the 139 horses originally nominated for this year's 88th Derby on May 5 at least 30 must still be considered possible contenders. If as many as 20 make it to the starting gate, half of them must be given some chance to win. True, the lack of a standout favorite (such as Citation was in 1948) can make for a more interesting Derby. But it also raises the question of whether the current 3-year-olds are, as the tired saying goes, "an ordinary bunch," or if the fact that they regularly have taken turns beating one another signifies good quality in depth.

My judgment is that there is indeed quality in the division but that much of it won't be seen in the Derby. I mean George D. Widener's Jaipur, Christiania Stable's Cyane and Christopher T. Chenery's Cicada. Neither of the first two will go to Churchill Downs. And the filly, Cicada, is a possible but unlikely starter.

Jaipur looked almost unbeatable in winning his 1962 debut recently, but just a week after his victory in the Gotham he bruised a heel and now will be pointed for the Preakness instead of this week's Wood Memorial. Cyane spent a restful and profitable winter at Camden, S.C. (SI, March 26), and, if his debut is as impressive as Jaipur's, their meeting in either the Preakness or the Belmont Stakes—or both—should be the best contest among 3-year-olds no matter what happens in the Derby.

Still, the Derby is the big race—at least to the public. Earlier this winter Sir Gaylord was the obvious choice. He ran over everything sent against him at Hialeah before injuring an ankle. There is no doubt that a sound Sir Gaylord would be far and away the best colt around to handle the Derby's mile-and-a-quarter distance. But ankle injuries, like others to the delicate underpinnings of Thoroughbreds, often recur. In Sir Gaylord's case, Owner Chenery and Trainer Casey Hayes maintain that their Turn-to colt is fully recovered and better than ever. Hayes, who publicly admonished one newsman for getting too nosy about the ankle in February, will ship Sir Gaylord to Churchill Downs this weekend. Hayes says the colt will start there in a sprint prep a week before Derby Day.

"If Sir Gaylord doesn't make it in time," says Owner Chenery, "we have the filly Cicada to backstop him." Chenery doesn't really want to run Cicada in the Derby, but the way he has campaigned her so far this season leaves little doubt that he *would* substitute her for Sir Gaylord. Before sending her against Mrs. Moody Jolley's Ridan in the Florida Derby a few weeks ago—a race, incidentally, in which she did her reputation no harm in losing by barely a nose—both Hayes and Chenery had something to say on the subject of fillies.

Hayes, who has never been known to race his stock lightly, said: "This is a real running filly with a real heart. Right now she's good, and we like to run her when she's good." Chenery was more explicit. "I don't think a good filly like Cicada will run any faster against colts than she will against fillies. If she's good—and we think Cicada is good—she'll

*continued*

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run her best no matter whether it's against other fillies or against colts or geldings or all three."

Horsemen who watched her courageous race with Ridan might be inclined to believe that competition with colts brings out the best in Cicada. Some would also say that after such a tough race she would have to be an iron horse ever to return to her best form. That will be proved, one way or the other, if not in the Derby itself, then in the Kentucky Oaks on Friday of Derby Week.

Which brings us to Ridan, the top 2-year-old sprinter of 1961 who earlier this season found it life and death to go a distance of ground, or at least to get there ahead of Sir Gaylord. After using first Bill Hartack and then Milo Valenzuela on Ridan, Trainer LeRoy Jolley switched, in the Florida Derby, to Manuel Ycaza, and the result was the best ride Ridan has had this year. The trouble all along had been in trying to rate the headstrong colt and to conserve some of his great speed for the stretch.

"A lot of people," said young Jolley, "put the knock on Ridan when they may not have realized how tough it is for a horse to make the transition from a series of sprint races to going a distance. Same as you may be the best 100-yard-dash man in the world, but if they suddenly put you in a 440 or 880 you're not going to adjust overnight. This colt had developed a sprint habit, but this winter the more he was sent a distanee the more he got used to it."

Ycaza, who has never been modest about his own skills, rode a near-perfect race in the Florida Derby and said, "After what I'd heard about him, I thought he was so tough to hold. Well, he wasn't tough at all—not for me anyway!" Ycaza and Ridan will probably get together next in the April 26 Blue Grass at Keeneland, again at the mile-and-an-eighth distance, and then on to Louisville.

Among the other Derby contenders already in Kentucky are Decidedly and Crimson Satan. The former missed both the Flamingo and Florida Derby because of intestinal trouble, but off his second to Sir Gaylord in the Everglades he still must be considered better than average. Hartack has the mount on him in the Blue Grass. Crimson Satan, an everytime loser in Florida, where his stable blamed defeat on either the Florida climate or a nasal condition and yet kept entering him, bounced back to win at Keeneland

the other day for the first time since he captured both The Garden State and the Pimlico Futurity last fall. It could be he is all well again, but he still will have to prove it against some class before becoming a serious Derby threat.

Two of the last big pre-Derby tests are scheduled this week. At Tanforan the California Derby should bring together Royal Attack, Doc Jocoy and Prince of Plenty, among others, to decide which deserve the trip to Kentucky.

Royal Attack, the impressive winner of the Santa Anita Derby, retired to Owner Neil McCarthy's ranch last month for a three-week rest and while there had both knees blistered. Last week, in his first start since March 3, this good-looking son of Royal Charger went up against older horses and although he finished well out of the money (seventh) at a mile and a sixteenth, he made one promising move. Afterward Owner McCarthy apparently was satisfied with the colt's progress, and Trainer Buddy Hirsch said, "He seems to be in fine shape. I'm sure he'll do better in the California Derby." Royal Attack no doubt will benefit from two races at Tanforan (where the footing is comparatively soft) on his way to Kentucky.

Missing from the Tanforan scene was Sir Ribot, Fred Turner's in-and-out runner who retired to Hollywood Park to recover from a virus while his trainer, Frank Childs, was making up his mind whether or not this son of a notable sire would come to Louisville.

**Derby hopes in the Wood**

The mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial at Aqueduct this week will settle only the question of which New York horse is second-best to Jaipur. Sunrise County, Townsend Martin's improving Summer Tan colt who won the Flamingo and then lost it on a disqualification, probably will be the favorite. He seems to have learned to stop bearing out, and Martin recently hired Willie Shoemaker to ride him. Willie can make a difference of five lengths even if he is aboard a lead pony. Other Wood probables are Donut King, who has shown a distinct dislike for an off track, Prego, Endymion and possibly Admiral's Voyage, who has shipped around the country (from Alabama to California to Louisiana to Florida to New York) like an equine version of a Harlem Globetrotter.

Only two weeks to Derby Day. The handicappers, professionals and amateurs, have their work cut out. **END**






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# *What the horns couldn't do*

**No bull could kill the matador of the century, Juan Belmonte, but in Seville last week a pistol did**

Forty years ago a bullfight critic told Spain's reigning matador, Juan Belmonte: "You must die tragically. It is the only thing left for you." Belmonte replied in his laconic manner, "I'll see what I can do."

On Sunday, April 8, 69-year-old Juan Belmonte, whose right hand killed 1,650 fighting bulls and whose planted feet changed the whole concept of bullfighting, used that same deadly hand to kill himself. After a morning's ride across the sprawling pastures of his ranch near Seville, Belmonte shut himself up in his study and shot himself in the right temple with a 6.35-millimeter pistol he kept in his desk drawer.

The death of a matador is a shock to the Spanish people as no other death is; *la fiesta brava* is still the heart and soul of Spain. And in bullfighting there are three names to consider. The first is Francisco Romero, who was the first man to make a profession of fighting the bull on foot (about 1726). The third will be the last matador to kill a bull in a formal *corrida*. The other is Juan Belmonte.

Belmonte was buried in a cemetery in Seville just 20 yards from the grave of Joselito, killed by a bull in the arena of Talavera de la Reina on May 16, 1920. Belmonte was the master, Joselito the prophet. They fought as rivals for seven seasons (1914–1920), bringing to the fight an excellence never surpassed.

At the very beginning of this "golden age," Belmonte changed the whole concept of bullfighting, simply by making the bull move past him. Before Belmonte, a bullfighter avoided death by dancing out of the way. Belmonte's frail and awkward legs could not dance. He fought with his arm because he had to —and genius combined with weakness to produce great art. He once told LIFE Correspondent Tom Dozier how he had refuted the traditional axiom that the matador moves himself or is moved by the bull. "I was determined," he said, "to prove a new theorem. You don't move and the bull doesn't move you—if you know how to fight."

Belmonte killed bulls with such skill and emotion that, at his peak, he could demand $9,000 (pre-World War II dollars) for fighting two bulls in an afternoon. He faced big bulls and small bulls, brave bulls and tricky bulls, and he fought them well, mostly, and emotionally, always. He was, as Don Modesto, the bullfight critic, described him, an ugly, round-shouldered, knock-kneed bullfighter who made you cry.

Three times Juan Belmonte retired, though no one took his retirements seriously. Bullfighters are notorious for quitting and then, either for money or glory, making a comeback. After one of his 24 serious wounds (he had countless "minor" ones), he received a letter from a friend: "I'm very sorry that the bull split your right collarbone. And I'm just as sorry that it didn't split your left collarbone and your breastbone as well. Maybe that would make you stop fighting."

The last two years were not happy ones for Belmonte. He knew death was coming. He had been ill for a long time, and a Madrid specialist had found a severe heart condition. He was told to go easy. He was even forbidden the luxury of riding across his great spread of land. He was an obedient patient until last spring when he began again to ride out each morning on his favorite horse with his son, Juanito, to test the calves for bravery. He would trip up the young animals with a long stick held like a lance, not hard work for a man who knows what he is doing. Then, very recently, he learned he had lung cancer.

The day before his death, Belmonte was out as usual, but he broke off the calf testing abruptly. He dismounted and went over to the car that had driven him and his son to the pasture and slumped in the seat. Juanito asked if he was tired. "Yes, a little," Belmonte said. "Let's go home." **END**



**GRACEFUL AS A STATUE** and nearly as immovable, Belmonte executes a *pase de pecho* in the controlled, stately (and dangerous) manner that revolutionized the art of bullfighting.

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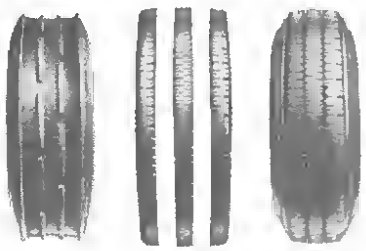


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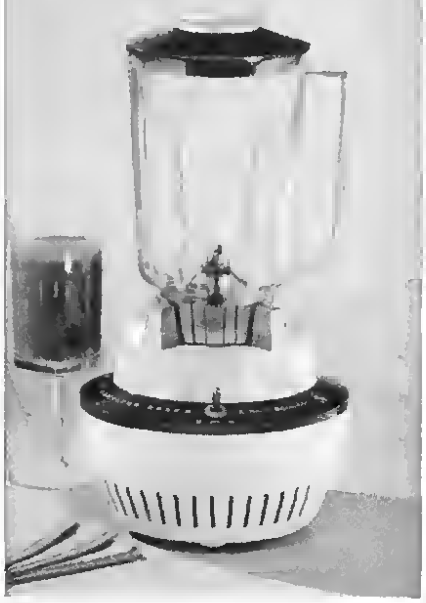
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TENNIS / *Roger Williams*

# *Young man coming on strong*

**A UCLA freshman from Puerto Rico named Pasarell looks better than many seniors on the court**



Amateur tennis might as well stop waiting for a miracle man, wrote former Davis Cup Captain David Freed in this magazine recently (SI, April 2), because "even if he comes along he'll turn pro within a year or two." During the last few months, however, more optimistic fans have been keeping a hopeful eye on one amateur player who may still be young enough to pass a miracle or two before the pros get him. Since entering UCLA as a freshman last fall Charlie Pasarell has already beaten a fair sampling of the nation's best players (including Jon Douglas and Ron Holmberg), and last month before a delirious crowd of onlookers in his native San Juan he came within a hair of beating the best amateur player in the world, Australia's Rocket Rod Laver.

"Charlie can give any amateur in the world a tough game," says UCLA Coach J. D. Morgan. "This is a boy who plays like a man. I know how Laver must have felt down in San Juan."

The search for promising youngsters is a never-ending one among tennis coaches, and Morgan is one of the sharpest-eyed bird dogs in the business. He began pointing for Pasarell years ago, "when Charlie was only 12," he says. Today, at 18, Charlie (Charles Pasarell Jr.) is tall (6 feet 1), strong and still growing. He is agile and canny on the court, and his armament includes every shot needed: a devastating forehand, a smoothly efficient backhand, a sure, powerful volley and as strong a serve as anyone could want.

This young paragon comes honestly by his talents. His father, Charles Sr., was champion of Puerto Rico for years, and his mother, Dora, is one of the island's leading women players. From the time he was 8 "Charlito" has concentrated his athletic talents on tennis. "I played baseball and things like that just for fun," he says, "but tennis was my game." Tall and skinny for his age, he spent his earliest years loping around the Caribe Hilton courts under the watchful gaze of Professional Welby Van Horn, who runs a tennis kindergarten full of potential champions (SI, April 10, 1961).

Like many young players today, Charlito soon developed a strong serve and volley, then had to struggle to straighten out his ground strokes. Even while he was learning, however, he was winning tournaments. At 14 he won the mainland national jaycee tournament. At 15 he began beating his father and took over the No. 1 men's ranking in Puerto Rico. At 17 he won nearly every junior tournament he entered, including the national juniors.

To continue his education in tennis

*continued*




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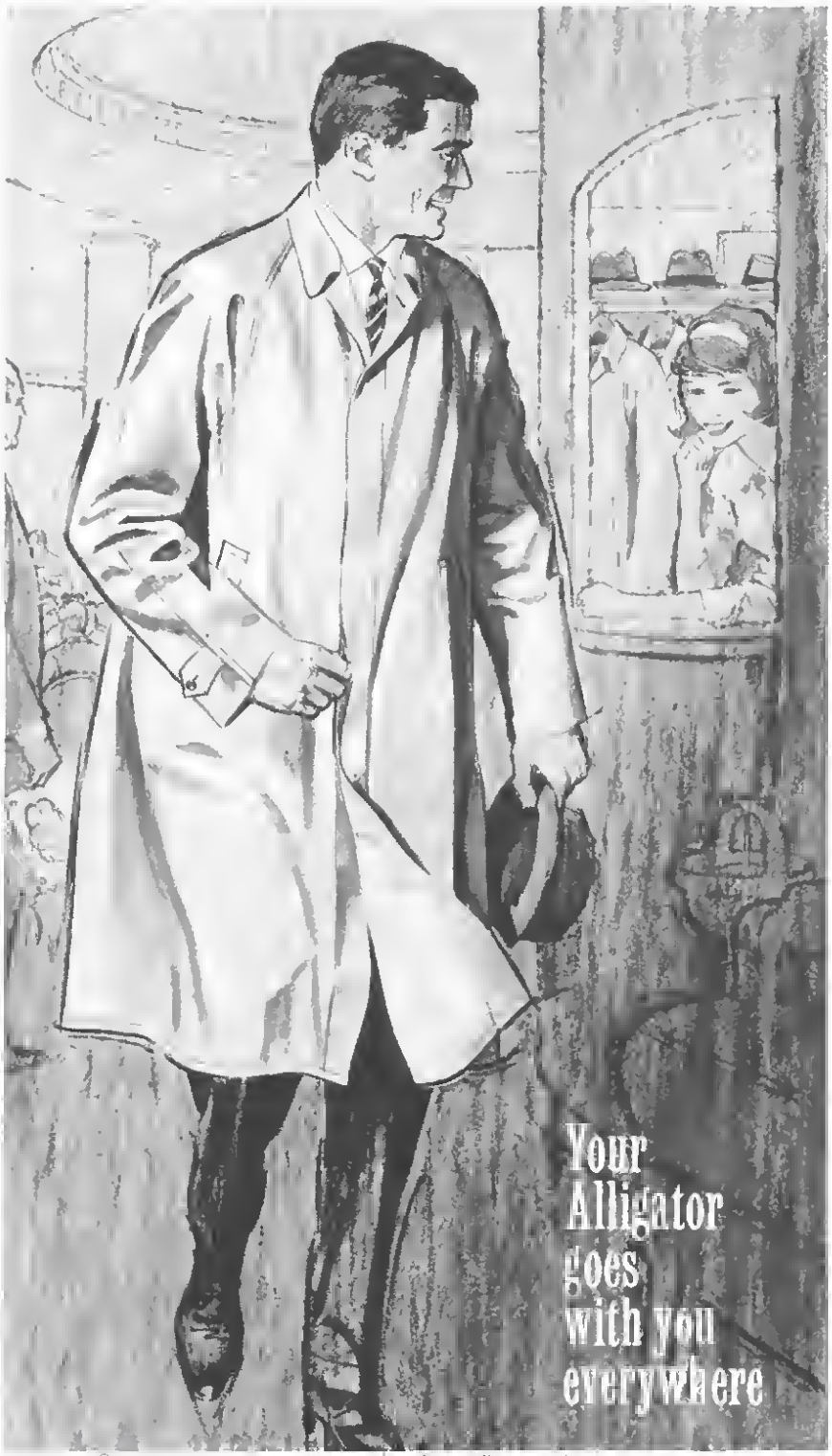
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Pasarell could hardly have selected a better school than UCLA. The rough competition he needs is abundant in the Los Angeles area. UCLA's freshman team has Dave Reed and Arthur Ashe, its varsity has the No. 12-ranked American, Larry Nagler. USC, across town, has the strongest team in the country: 1960 Wimbledon doubles champions Dennis Ralston and Rafael Osuna, plus 10th-ranked Bill Bond and comer Ramsey Earnhart. Allen Fox, a graduate student at UCLA and No. 8 nationally, comes out to practice almost every day, Jon Douglas stops by frequently, and so do a handful of other ranked players. "The quality and depth of competition that Charlie is facing is terrific," says Morgan. "He knows if he doesn't play well he'll be beaten soundly. And if he plays just so-so he'll probably be beaten, too. He's not the king here yet, though he has a great chance of becoming it."

Pasarell's game fundamentally is so sound that Morgan is not tinkering with his strokes. He is working on strategy and tactics and on what he calls "match toughness." Charlie's game has toughened considerably since he first played in the San Juan international tournament six years ago. He had never won a match in it until this year, when he beat seventh-ranked Ron Holmberg 4-6, 6-3, 6-3 in the very first round. In the second round he startled even his most fervent admirers by beating Mexico's Mario Llamas 6-0, 6-0. Then he took on Laver. For nearly two sets Pasarell seemed clearly the better player. He broke service three straight times and won the first set at love. All Pasarell's shots were working beautifully, but his volleying in particular was incredible: he did not miss a single volley until the ninth game of the second set. At 2 all in the second set, with Laver serving, Pasarell nearly made the breakthrough that would have won the match. On ad out he moved around Laver's second serve and hit a low cross-court forehand. Laver volleyed the ball off his shoe tops into the forehand corner for a winner. From that point on, the Australian gradually regained confidence and took command in predictably championship style.

But Charlie Pasarell was not too downhearted and neither were his American fans. "I used to get scared whenever I started to win," said Charlie Pasarell last week, "but not anymore. Now I'm not afraid to beat anybody." **END**

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GOLF / *Alfred Wright*

# *Some reflections on an explosive tournament*

**Arnold Palmer's exciting victory in this year's Masters championship blacked out several fine performances and rare moments that are well worth recalling and noting**



AGING JIMMY DEMARET, NO LONGER A PLAYER REMEMBERED THE GOOD SHOTS



When Arnold Palmer won his third Masters championship at Augusta last week, he again demonstrated that the drama he brings to a major golf tournament is so intense and so raw that it temporarily obliterates a lot of other stimulating activity on the course. He makes it necessary to look back and savor the fine points of such a memorable sporting event. Too easily overlooked, for instance, is the tremendous performance of Gary Player, the runner-up, who played all his five rounds under par—67, 71, 71, 71, 71. Only three other players in the 26-year history of this tournament have been able to play even four straight subpar rounds: Ben Hogan in 1953, Claude Harmon in 1948 and Jimmy Demaret in 1947, and they were the winners those years.

Also virtually unrecognized was Jimmy Demaret's tie for fifth place behind Palmer, Player, Dow Finsterwald and Gene Littler, the four who shared the spotlight throughout the four days. Demaret, it should be remembered, is a grandfather who for two years has been old enough to compete in the PGA Seniors' championship for players over 50, and he no longer makes any attempt at full-time tournament golf. Yet here he was in the forefront of the tournament he first won in 1940, tied at 287 with such comparative striplings as Mike Souchak and Billy Maxwell. The other player in this four-way tie for fifth was Jerry Barber, the 45-year-old PGA champion, whose slight build—he measures 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 137 pounds—puts him at a serious disadvantage on a course that requires as much muscle as does Augusta National. Yet he shot a fine 72, 72, 69, 74.

A stunning example of Barber's problems at Augusta came on Thursday, when he had to use a four-wood for his second shot on the 445-yard, par-4 11th hole, a situation in which Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and some of the other big hitters might have been using a five-iron or less. Barber hit this wood shot into the cup for the only eagle ever made on that hole during a Masters championship. But still, it wasn't the kind of shot a golfer expects to rely on regularly.

There were scenes of Palmer to reconsider, too. This champion has so often displayed his talent for the theatrical climax that he has come to seem larger than life when he has a golf club in his hands. That's why it is so paradoxical, as well as refreshing, to keep rediscovering how human Palmer is.

A few minutes before he was due to tee off on Monday afternoon for his 18-hole playoff with Player and Finsterwald, Arnold was sitting in the upstairs lounge of the Augusta National clubhouse, reviewing with a few reporters that unhappy round of the day before when he



TOUR REGULAR, LINES UP A PUTT ON THE WAY TO HIS SURPRISING FIFTH-PLACE TIE

had blown his two-stroke lead over the field. Almost any other athlete would have wanted those moments to himself. Not Palmer. He just wanted someone—anyone—to talk to while he was waiting for the match to begin, and he happened to find that group of reporters.

It is quite clear by now that Palmer's metabolism has to be stimulated by crisis if he is to play his best golf. Some spectators at Augusta were discussing this point just before the playoff started, and one of them said, "If Arnie can just finish the first nine holes a couple of strokes behind Player, he's a cinch to win. If he's ahead, his chances aren't so good. The tiger in Arnie goes to sleep when he has a lead." The first nine holes of the playoff ended with Palmer three strokes behind, and this same spectator canvassed part of the gallery for someone who would bet on Player. Nobody would.

A few moments later on the 10th green, the tide turned. Player had taken a bogey 5 after his spectacular approach shot to the green landed a couple of feet too close to the pin, took a big bounce and rolled off the far edge into the gallery. His subsequent putt for a par 4 stopped on the edge of the cup. Palmer, meanwhile, sank his 25-foot downhill putt for a birdie 3, reducing Player's lead to a single stroke. Here, the tingling excitement of Palmer's personality came out in a brief, five-word sentence. Winking at a friend standing near by, he said, "Now the game is on."

Back at the clubhouse later, his victory in hand and his emblematic green coat won again, Palmer was once more the friendly, gregarious man who thrives on conviviality. He and his wife, Winnie, were sitting at a table with a few of the dozen or so stragglers still on the premises, and someone asked him, "Are you going home tonight, Arnie?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Palmer, looking out the window at the gathering darkness. "It's getting late. Maybe we'll stay over tonight and fly back in the morning. It's been kind of a long day."

Anyone else would have been drained and exhausted. But early the next morning Arnold and Winnie climbed into the twin-engined Aero Commander that Arnold pilots and casually embarked on a four-and-a-half-hour flight home to Pennsylvania, where he would stay only one day before flying right back south again for the Greensboro tournament.

It is most satisfying to find a man so completely at one with his profession and his environment as Palmer is. Unlike a good many of his successful colleagues, he even seems to enjoy the peripheral obligations of fame—the adoring words and looks of his fans, the bustling attentions of the press. When professional athletes resent these intrusions, as so many do, one is tempted to suggest they

*continued*

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find another calling. Palmer is in the right one.

This same congeniality with his profession was evident in Gary Player at Augusta, particularly after the biting disappointment of his loss to Palmer in the playoff. As he was leaving the clubhouse with his valise in his hand, someone approached Player with condolences. "You played terribly well, Gary," the man said. "It's just a pity that you had to lose the championship after five such splendid rounds."

**Shots to remember**

"Naturally I'm disappointed," Player replied, after thanking the man, "but I haven't any regrets about the way I played. I hit 10 shots out there this afternoon that I'll remember with pleasure for the rest of my life."

There isn't a sports event in the country that is run more efficiently or with more consideration for the contestants and the customers than the Masters, thanks to hard work by the members of the Augusta National Golf Club. But year after year the galleries (whose total number is the club's own well-kept secret) are getting larger and larger, thanks to such warm, watchable personalities as Palmer and Player. Even on the hillside overlooking the 11th and 12th holes and the 13th tee, certainly the finest viewing spot on any golf course in the world, it is getting almost too crowded to see a popular match. This has caused speculation about the possibility of limiting the attendance at a golf tournament to the number of spectators who can be comfortably accommodated, just as a theater or arena turns away customers when it is full.

Something is going to have to be done soon. There were many times during the playoff Monday when the only way to tell what was happening was to eavesdrop on one of the many transistor radios in the gallery and listen to Announcer Tom Harmon's descriptions. The crowds of Saturday and Sunday were just as formidable. Those who watched on television saw a great deal more of the action on the last four holes than a spectator who had to scramble through the stampeding crowds. Still, most people counted it worth the effort and the bruises just to get a few glimpses of Palmer and Player in the flesh and to see some part of one of the most spectacular golf matches of our time. **END**


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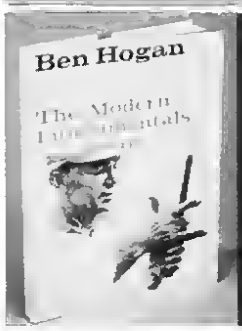
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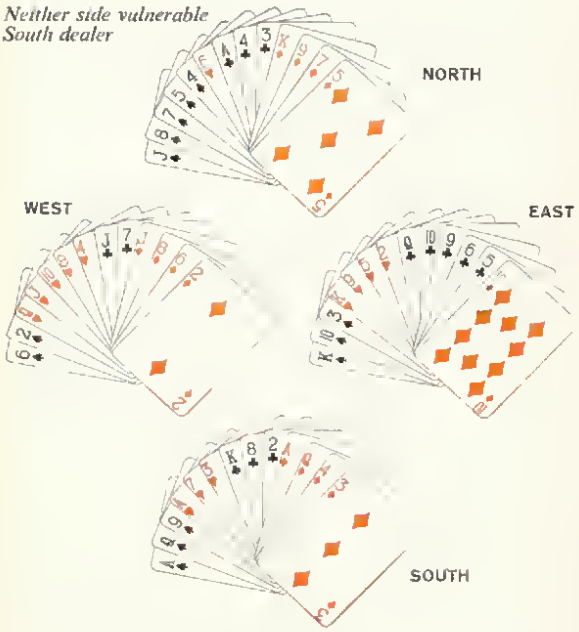


BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

# *In Dutch with Esperanto*

Since contract bridge is an international game, bidding may be considered its Esperanto, a simple, worldwide language where the sole goal is the exchange of information. In tournament play the actual bidding language is English, but since every bid has some kind of code meaning the important thing is not the language in which it is made, but whether it is understood. Let me be your interpreter for the lengthy and rather involved bidding of the following deal. The hand was played by Helen Sobel and me in a match against the Netherlands Antilles champions when the S.S. *Atlantic*, carrying the first "Travel-with-Goren" cruise, touched at Curaçao. After a standoff first half we managed to win by 76 to 34, but with no thanks to this hand.

*Neither side vulnerable*
*South dealer*




| SOUTH (*Goren*) | WEST | NORTH (*Sobel*) | EAST |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1♦ | PASS | 1♠ | PASS |
| 2 N.T. | PASS | 3♦ | PASS |
| 3♠ | PASS | 4♣ | PASS |
| 4♥ | PASS | 4♠ | PASS |
| 5♣ | PASS | 5♦ | PASS |
| 5♠ | PASS | 6♦ | PASS |
| PASS | PASS | | |

*Opening lead: queen of hearts*

*Goren*: One diamond. [I have at least 13 points. I have less than 25 or 26 because I didn't open with a two-bid. If I have a balanced hand, I do not have between 16 and 18 points in high cards.]
*Sobel*: One spade. [I have at least six points and spades.]
*Goren*: Two no trump. [I have a balanced hand with 19–20 points. In other words, my hand was just too good to open with one no trump. You may be sure I have at least two spades, otherwise I would not have bid no trump.]
*Sobel*: Three diamonds. [My hand is unbalanced. I have reasonable support—probably four, or at least three good ones—for your unrebid diamond suit.]
*Goren*: Three spades. [I have already indicated my preference for no trump. But if your hand strongly suggests suit play, I can conveniently play at spades.]
*Sobel*: Four clubs. [You know this must be a cue bid, partner, with a real club suit, I'd have bid it before raising diamonds. Now I am not only showing the ace of clubs; I am also implying ruffing power in my short heart suit.]
*Goren*: Four hearts. [Two can cue as cheaply as one.]
*Sobel*: Four spades. [I have a five-card spade suit, but I am not strong enough to insist on getting past game.]
*Goren*: Five clubs. [I have more or less decided to go for a slam, but I am allowing for last-minute changes of mind. Meanwhile, this lets you know I have the king of clubs.]
*Sobel*: Five diamonds. [I've done about enough, I guess.]
*Goren*: Five spades. [Well, partner, I will give you one more chance, though I think I am being craven.]
*Sobel*: Six diamonds. [I've already bid plenty, but it looks like the hand will produce one more trick at diamonds than at spades and it sounds like we may have just one spade loser if the diamonds are solid. Besides, who wants to play hands at five spades?]

Actually, the slam contract is not too bad, though it was set. If the diamonds split, you simply draw the trumps and give up a spade trick. Even with the trumps not splitting, if I had it to do over again I might have made six diamonds double-dummy by putting through the jack of spades early, taking a finesse later against the 10, assuming that East covered the jack, then sluffing a club on an established spade.

**EXTRA TRICK**

No, I will not let you hear what Helen or I said when the slam went down. It wasn't in Esperanto. **END**



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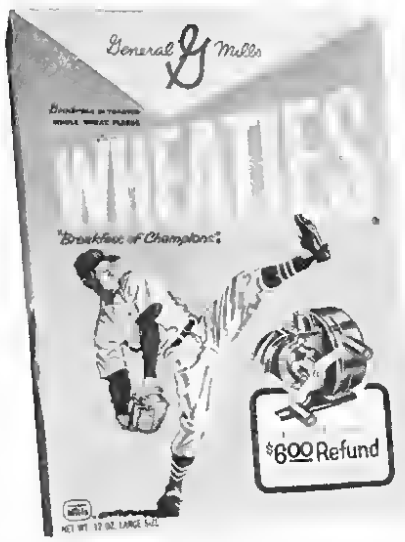
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# HIGH HAT HARRY

## THE BASE BALL DETECTIVE



OR,

# The Sunken Treasure.

BY ED. L. WHEELER,
AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK" NOVELS, ETC.

### CHAPTER I.
FOUND BY THE WAYSIDE.

Upon an imposing bluff, that stretches along the ocean front for several miles, overlooking the mighty expanse of blue Atlantic, nestled the pretty town of Bluffton.

It boasted of a population of several thousand, and being near a large city, was rather an aristocratic place, combined with the fact that it was a popular summer resort, and had the unusual educational advantages of two high schools.

The town was beautifully laid out, and its dwellings, its lawns, its walks, drives and shades, all showed that the residents were well-to-do and enterprising.

Inland from Bluffton lay a magnificent stretch

THERE WAS A LOOK OF DESPERATE FURY IN HIS EYES [illegible] BY THE THROAT, AND PUSHED HIM BACK AGAINST THE [illegible]

# A Sneering Laugh with the Bases Loaded

**In boys' baseball books, heroes not only won games but solved crimes and saved towns. Here is the first study of an American subliterature that came close to art** **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

When the weather warms in the early American summer there are at least 100,000 baseball games played every week—regularly scheduled games, that is, even making allowances for the teams that didn't show. There are 1,800 college baseball teams, with 30,000 players; 14,000 high school teams with 350,000 players; and 36,000 Little League teams with 1,100,000 boys.

Then there are about 500 minor league teams, playing each other almost daily. Nobody knows exactly how many top-ranking semipro teams there are, teams like the Gloneck Termites of Grand Rapids, Michigan, sponsored by the Extermital Gloneck Termite Service. A good estimate is 25,000, representing breweries, hardwood flooring manufacturers, bottling works, grocery chains, Army posts, wholesale hardware firms and kindred organizations. When you add to these the grammar school leagues, adult amateur leagues, Babe Ruth leagues (9,280 teams), American Legion leagues (16,000 teams), Pony leagues (5,034 teams) and all the twilight leagues, park department leagues, industrial recreation department leagues, together with special groups like the Hopi Indian League (18 pueblos) and the Union Printers League (the oldest of all), the statistics of baseball look like the totals of the gross national product.

But they are curiously unimpressive, despite their stupendous numbers. They do not communicate anything about baseball that suggests why people play it or what it means to them. Baseball authorities have fallen into the alarming habit of regarding the game as an inherent part of the national heritage, taking it for granted that Americans have always played it and always will. The truth, of course, is that there was a long, hard period before the game began to be widely played, a longer period before it began to be written about, a still longer time before it began to be understood and freighted with significance and emotion. Before the millions of players began appearing on the diamonds this spring there was a whole literature that inspired their fathers and grandfathers before them; painfully evolved, wildly uneven, it was nonetheless mightily interesting and unquestionably potent in stimulating people to follow baseball games.

The fathers of today's Little Leaguers, in their own youth, might have read something like this, from Ralph Henry Barbour's novel, *Double Play:* "Spring had come in the night. Above was a mellow blue sky dotted with little feathery clouds. . . ." Barbour wrote of the sounds of spring, the ceaseless knock and chatter, the sharp crack of ball meeting bat, the lovely arc of flies soaring into the clear air, the low thud of flying spheres against padded gloves, and always "tomorrows stretching away in a seemingly limitless vista of happy holidays, when finals are over and summer beckons." Or, in *The Captain of the Nine*, the great book that made William Heyliger famous: "They shrieked their joy and pounded their fists on each other's backs. The wide free field, the smell of early grass, the ripple of soft breeze over flushed faces, the damp give of the springy turf. . . ."

This was magic. It put into images the confused and

*continued*

nebulous sensations, the pleasant, lazy tensions that came to life when the games started in the spring. Or, if you wanted something highbrow, there was the same emotion expressed in different terms in Robert Fitzgerald's poem *Cobb Would Have Caught It*, summoning up the sun-baked parks, the batters tugging at their caps, the outfielders racing back looking over their shoulders, "Throwing arm gone bad. . . . Fly lost in the sunset. . . . There's your old ball game."

From around 1885 until the mid-1920s there were count-



*"He leaped and clutched the ball in a magnificent catch hardly a foot from the ground."*

less books for boys, the net effect of which was to evoke something of the poetry of the game; there is nothing comparable to them now. A handful of good writers of boys' books still write about baseball, but their product is of a different sort. For one thing, there is only a handful where there were once a hundred or more. For another, they write relatively few books, where the giants in the field produced hundreds. At best the new breed resembles careful handicraft operators, trying—but failing—to keep alive a vanished art form that everybody once appreciated. Millions of future Little Leaguers are going to play ball without a deep source of solace and inspiration: the romance of the diamond, in which the young star walloped a bully, was disgraced by a false accusation, usually of theft (something was planted in his locker), but was cleared in time to play in the big game and often wound up saving the town from destruction by fire or flood as well.

These books came in sturdy red or brown bindings, with titles plainly indicating the nature of the contents: *Strike Three!* by William Heyliger, *Baseball Joe at Yale* by Lester Chadwick, *With Mask and Mitt* by Albertus True Dudley, *First Base Faulkner* by Christy Mathewson, *The Young Pitcher* by Zane Grey; *Cliff Stirling, Captain of the Nine* by Gilbert Patten, *The Baseball Boys of Lakeport* by Edward Stratemeyer, who wrote the Rover Boys books. The libraries generally did not have many of them. You had to buy them. They went for 50 cents to $1.50 apiece.

Opening a new one, you saw a young infielder making a terrific catch, an expression of dedicated composure on his features. Or there was a runner sliding into second, dust shooting up on both sides of him like the rooster tail from a speedboat, or a pitcher poised on the mound, like a doctor about to perform an operation, a batter with a mean expression glowering at him from the plate. "Keeper, coming in like a runaway motor car," said a caption in *With Mask and Mitt*, "flung himself at the plate, spikes first," and you knew at once what the story was to be.

The prose was clear and direct. There was never any hesitancy, in fact, except when some boy, long suffering from a weakness that kept him off the team, resolved to conquer it. In such cases there were brief interludes of double-I prose. "I—I'm going to fight," Dan said. He faced another boy, his fists clenched. He meant he was going to fight the weakness that kept him off the team, not the other boy. Or, "I—I can't help it," replied the pitcher bitterly. "We lost the game." In *Baseball Joe at Yale:* "I—I'd like to fight him," murmured Joe. "I wonder if they allow fights at Yale?" Or, "I—I my ankle's sprained, I guess," whispered Dan huskily, in *For the Honor of the School*. Sometimes an I—I character gave up entirely. "I—I don't seem to be able to get things right," said Dan Porter, in *The Crimson Sweater*, after being banned from sports because of something he hadn't done.

Not only was the prose direct, the conversations were forthright to a degree that would appall Tennessee Williams. "You heard me," said the hero of *Bartley, Freshman Pitcher*. "You threw the game. As for shaking hands with you, I have no use for your sort."

Characters came right to the point: "I understand you have been gambling with some of the little boys and getting their money away from them. In one sense, it isn't my affair; in another, it is not only my affair, but it is that of every fellow here who feels any responsibility for the moral condition and honor of the school." That was really telling them, with the forthrightness of a good infielder. Usually the villains were gamblers, but sometimes they were rich boys, like Francis in Barbour's *Merritt Leads the Nine*. We were never told exactly what Francis' evildoing consisted of, but it was darkly hinted that at the last county

fair this spoiled son of wealth "changed tbe tags in the Garden Club exhibit and Francis' mother got the first prize away from poor old Mrs. Whidden"—a pretty mean trick by any standard, but doubly so in the rarefied atmosphere of good sportsmanship that flourished in these works. The usual fiendish trick was to discover something that unnerved the hero, and to work on it until he was a quivering wreck when the bases were loaded and nobody out. Then came tbe laugh—"He heard from tbe grandstand a loud laugh, a laugb that fairly bubbled over with sneering, caustic mirth."

But in the crisis the hero recovered his self-possession. "When Double Curve Dan found himself in the river, with the angry waters surging around his ears," explained one of the first baseball writers, "and Wilfred Noel's fingers still clutching his throat, he realized he was in the tightest fix of his life." Noel was the rival pitcher. In *The Pitcher Detective's Foil* the hero and his ally are trapped on a bridge with a train bearing down on them. They throw themselves on the adjoining track, and see another train coming toward them from the opposite direction. The following discussion takes place:

"Only one thing to do."

"What is it?"

"To drop to the river. Better to take our chance of drowning than to be crushed to death beneath the wheels. Follow me!"

The first baseball club was organized in 1845, and the first newspaper account of a game was printed in1859. Henry Chadwick started a baseball magazine in 1867, but it failed. Tbe first newspaper sports column appeared in 1879. It wasn't until 1882 that a piece of baseball fiction got into print. A short story written by a junior at Brown University and entitled *The Captain of the Orient Baseball Nine*, it might well have launched a whole school of juvenile literature, except that its author, Charles Munroe Sheldon, was quickly drawn into other fields of writing. He was the same Charles Sheldon who authored *In His Steps*, tbe inspirational novel that sold 20 million copies and became the greatest bestseller in American history except the Bible.

Sheldon wasn't mucb of a ballplayer—he was the tennis champion at Brown—but everything about baseball was new and interesting to him. "I have a vague remembrance of sometimes stopping in my task and looking out the window at a baseball game," he wrote, "and wishing I could be there."

At Brown a group of students in his dormitory wrote stories and articles, and revised them according to the collective wisdom of the group. Sheldon's contribution was about young Gleason, star outfielder and captain—"a handsome, well-built young fellow, with an open, sunny face"—and his awesome moral struggle when Orient won the great game with rival Clayton Academy (inadvertently) by a foul. With two out in the last half of the ninth, and the winning run for Clayton crossing the plate, Gleason picked a fly ball off the turf, the side was retired, the runs didn't count and Orient won. But Gleason knew the ball had touched the ground. Should he confess? Before he could make up his mind to inform the umpire, his cheering teammates were carrying him off the field. The celebration back at Orient made explanation more difficult. Having shirked his duty in the beginning, Gleason finally had to face the entire student body with the truth. There wasn't too much sport in the story, but Sheldon worked on Gleason's moral dilemma until he looked like a character in *Pilgrim's Progress*, chasing a fly ball into the Slough of Despond.



*"He was almost too late—but not quite. His hands found the ball a scant six inches above the turf."*

The second piece of baseball fiction, and the first baseball novel, was *High Hat Harry, the Baseball Detective; or The Sunken Treasure*, by Edward Wheeler, published on July 14, 1885. We meet Harry Sands, a wandering baseball player known as High Hat Harry, as he arrives at tbe aristocratic resort town of Bluffton. He is "of muscular body and limbs, and in face by no means unhandsome." He has two peculiarities—he always wears a silk hat, even while pitching, and has an extremely long neck, which he can extend if he wishes until his chin is a foot and a half above his shoulders. This is an advantage in his work, for he is a detective and, without microphones, detectives in those days had to crane

*continued*

their necks to find out what was going on. In his hotel High Hat Harry overhears two society girls discussing tomorrow's baseball game with Barmore Academy. One of them has bet $2,000 on Bluffton and says the game is crooked—Garrene, the umpire, is anxious to get into Bluffton society and has put in the fix. Harry, who knows that Garrene is a bank robber, arranges to pitch for Barmore, only to be attacked by Garrene as a professional. On his way to the park Harry is hit on his throwing arm by a rock. "That," he mutters, "was a cowardly attempt to disable me."

Wheeler was the top-ranking dime-novel writer of the time, the most popular and the best paid. After the firm of Beadle and Adams started publishing the dime novels in 1860 it built up a staff of about two dozen well-paid and experieneed authors—ex-actors, newspapermen, teachers, preachers, as well as a few soldiers of fortune, gunmen, adventurers and genuine ex-Indian fighters—who were trained to produce dime novels on almost any subject, and Wheeler was one of the most accomplished in the group. Competition was intense in the business (Beadle and Adams' $15-a-week bookkeeper started a rival firm and retired with $10 million), and the price was cut to 5¢ a copy, giving Wheeler his start as the headliner of Beadle's Half-Dime Library, for which he wrote 122 novels about Deadwood Dick, the road agent. His work was so popular that the American News Company had a standing order for 60,000 copies of everything he wrote. Usually his books sold out the week they were published, some of them going into 10 or 12 editions.

Unfortunately, Wheeler knew nothing about baseball, and *High Hat Harry* was a disaster. A writer could say anything about the Wild West without being challenged, for his readers hadn't been there. The same sort of wonders placed on a recognizable baseball diamond, however, piled up monumental confusions, as obvious as the mistakes made by someone who didn't know a language writing for those who did. High Hat Harry pitches despite his aching arm; he runs aimlessly about the base paths, entertaining the crowd with his antics; and the game is over when one side reaches an agreed-upon score, something that hadn't been common in baseball for deeades. In the eighth inning Barmore, having made 28 runs, is declared the winner, but flush-faced gamblers demand another inning to settle their bets; so High Hat Harry pitches again, and six more runs are added to the margin of victory. Wheeler, of course, merely wanted to get through the game and resume the detective story where, if he made mistakes, his readers wouldn't notiee them.

He died shortly after *High Hat Harry* was published, at the age of 31 or 32. There was no indication that the failure of the book had anything to do with his death—though almost anything could be believed about dime-novel writers—and Beadle and Adams immediately assigned another hack to write baseball novels. This time the nod went to George Jenks, a cheery, round-faced, witty Englishman, a former printer who had become a leading Pittsburgh newspaperman, playwright and producer. He came up with an idea he thought was genius—a pitcher with a double curve, "a baseball being made to change directions at least twice after leaving the hands of the pitcher," he wrote in his recollections of dime-novel days. Unlike Wheeler, he was going to get all the facts straight and use authentic backgrounds. *Double Curve Dan, the Pitcher Detective, or, Against Heavy Odds*, opened with a murder at the Polo Grounds. Wilfred Noel, the pitcher for the Bostons (and a bank robber at other times), refuses to pitch. Double Curve Dan volunteers to replace him, takes the mound, throws with a peculiar round-arm motion, and "the ball flies straight at the plate for about half the distance, then twists to the right, and suddenly back to the left!" In other words, it zigzags, doubtless the hardest kind of a ball to hit, at least by a sober man.

Every kid knew a curving baseball couldn't be made to reverse its curve in flight. To make matters worse, Beadle and Adams went on publishing more Double Curve Dan stories, and in the second, *The Pitcher Detective's Foil*, Jenks's imagination bubbled over. Dan is substituting for the Albany pitcher in a game with the New York Diamond Stars. The umpire, a jewel thief named Slicker (the moral level of officials was not high at that time), has blackmailed the regular Albany pitcher to throw the game. Dan comes to bat in the last half of the ninth. A hit will tie the score. A home run will win the game. Slicker is desperate. He puts some laudanum in Double Curve Dan's drinking water. At the plate Dan feels his strength ebbing. Because he can't see, he swings at the first pitch. It is a homer. But the laudanum is taking effect. Dan begins to go to sleep. He weaves all over the ball park before the spellbound fans, and the readers are given some Joyeean interior monologue to show what was going on in Dan's mind: " 'First! All right so far! Yes, that's good. But how blind I'm getting! What is all that shouting about? Where is third base? Shall I ever reach it? Oh, yes! Here it is! There! I have touched it! Now for home! Ah, how they yell, and how everything hums in my ears! There is something wrong with me, but I do not know what it is. Where—where—is—the—the—home plate? I can barely keep my feet and the world is—pitch—dark! Ah! At last! At last!' With a wild lurch and a half-articulate cry, Double Curve Dan fell across the home plate, and the great game between the Diamond Stars and the Albanys ended in a victory of the latter."

Baseball was soon dropped as a dime-novel subject, and before long dime novels disappeared. They had been already declining, so the baseball books cannot be credited with having finished them, but the growing interest in sport unquestionably hastened their end. "The exploits of Double Curve Dan excited derision," Jenks explained.

The art of baseball fiction flowered in the work of Ralph

*continued*



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Henry Barbour and William Heyliger and a hundred or so industrious imitators. The setting of a typical Barbour story was an old school on a hill, with the towers of the dark-red brick buildings showing above the massive elms. From the windows the boys could look out across the valley and the river (handy for saving people from drowning), and at sunset its quiet surface reflected the western tones of red and crimson while the campus was still light and the road leading to the railroad station was marked with the purple shadows of the trees and hedges. In Barbour's baseball books the hero often watched the twilight settling, dimly conscious of a poignant feeling that was half pleasure and half melancholy, a sense of regret and affection, moved by deep and mysterious thoughts of the brevity of youth, and wondering if he would ever get a chance to pitch.

Barbour called the school Hillton, Hilltop, Yardley, Grafton, or some such name, but it was always the same. It was a well-run institution. The faculty rarely appeared, except to call a meeting to explain that someone had filled a professor's desk with rabbits, or had affixed a Jolly Roger to the flagpole, or to lecture the hero severely after something stolen was found among his possessions. After the second Barbour book appeared he was overwhelmed with letters from boys asking if it was a real school. They wanted to go there. Barbour replied gravely that it was a composite picture: all he was trying to do was to make a case for honesty and simplicity in sports, and to show that for the average boy athletics were "an aid rather than a detriment to study."

Baseball had an astounding impact on popular culture in all respects, inspiring songs, vaudeville acts, jokes and folk lore, but even so, the reaction to Barbour's books was almost incredible. He wrote about 150, and Heyliger as many, with imitators at every level of ability more than keeping pace with them. The best after these two was probably Albertus True Dudley, who wrote a series about a mythical Seaton school. Plainly sniping at Barbour, who never went to college, Dudley explained loftily that all details of baseball training and play in *his* books were checked by the head coach at Harvard. The baseball novels of Christy Mathewson—*Second Base Sloan*, *Pitcher Pollock*, *Catcher Craig*, and so on—were ghostwritten by John Wheeler, the founder of a ghostwriting syndicate; they were routine juvenile stories which couldn't have helped Mathewson's reputation much. The obscure author who wrote under the name of Lester Chadwick turned out Baseball Joe stories for 23 years, Zane Grey, who had played minor league ball, wrote boys' baseball books between his early westerns, and every year newcomers came up with the Krampton Hall series, or the Locksport Boys, or something similar. They were much alike; after the first hundred or so a boy had read them all. But Barbour was different. "His books are centered on sport," said the authoritative *Critical History of Children's Literature*, "and the emphasis is on the right school spirit, good sportsmanship, the triumph of those who are right-minded over those who are not. The plot and the action of Barbour have become stereotyped through overuse, and this makes it difficult to judge him fairly. Certainly he seems to have freshness and spontaneity, at least in his earlier books. . . . Of his historical place there is no doubt."

Barbour's masterpiece was the classic baseball fiction of boys of Little League age, *Billy Mayes' Great Discovery*, telling of the advantages of a bat made of hoki-moki wood, which attracts horsehide and thus draws a baseball toward it. Billy is a nonplaying member of the Broadsport Juniors. The only reason he is kept on the team is that he can run fast, and is permanently stationed as a sort of center fielder by the fence of Bannerman's garden, so he can retrieve any balls that land among the vegetables and get away before Mr. Bannerman comes out. Never having a chance to bat,

*continued*



*"He pegged away and worked hard at the batting net. . . . 'I—I'm going to fight,' Dan said."*

or even to sit on the bench, is hard on Billy's morale. He spends a lot of time at the wharf, talking things over with Captain Ezra, who skippers a coastwise coaling vessel on a regular run to a nearby port. On his return, Captain Ezra likes to tell Billy about his experiences with the natives of the islands he visits.

When the story opens, however, Captain Ezra says he isn't feeling so good—he ate too much hoki-moki fruit on his last voyage. The fruit of the hoki-moki tree is sort of like an orange, sort of like an apple, more square than round, and grows in clusters the size of a water cask. The hoki-moki tree has an irresistible appeal for wild horses. The horses are drawn up against the trees, and the natives capture them and use their hides for leather. But the trees continue to exert their magnetic attraction. "Lay a horsehide saddle 25 feet away from a hoki-moki tree," says Captain Ezra, "and just as soon as you let go of it, it'll begin to move right over to the tree and try to rub itself against it. . . . It's what you might call one of the wonders of science."

In the end Billy persuades Captain Ezra to bring him back some genuine hoki-moki wood, which, it seems, will really attract a baseball. Armed with his hoki-moki wood bat, Billy manages to get away from Bannerman's garden during the big game. Through most of the game Billy tries to get close enough to the captain to ask when he is going to get a chance to play, but the captain is always too busy to talk to him. In desperation, Billy finally discloses that his bat is of hoki-moki wood, guaranteed to produce hits. That makes an impression, and in the end, with two out and bases loaded, Billy is sent in to bat. Armed with an unfaltering trust, unable to see the ball, he closes his eyes at the first pitch and swings. "There was a resounding blow, electric tingles swept up Billy's arms, he staggered, and, still clutching his bat, he streaked for first. . . . They never found the ball. Straight behind Mr. Bannerman's garden it fell, among the early peas and bush limas."

Barbour's baseball stories were an original creation, and he came remarkably close to a permanent contribution to literature, held back, probably, by his own modesty about his ability as much as by the half-parodies of imitators who swamped his chosen field of writing.

A native of Cambridge, Mass., Barbour became a newspaperman in New York and Boston, worked on Denver papers and ranched in western Colorado, collaborated on a light novel with another reporter, and was night city editor of the Philadelphia *Times* when he decided to write boys' books. He sold a short story to *St. Nicholas* about a substitute who won a football game. He was asked to expand it to a novel, and produced *The Half-Back* in 1899. Presently he was enjoying perhaps the most pleasant and lucrative existence of any writer of his time. "He lives on the fat of the land," wrote a Boston reporter enviously in 1911. "He enjoys himself all the year, and for most of the time makes no effort to get down to work." He had homes in Cambridge and Marblehead, Mass., spent the winters in the South and Southwest, tinkered with expensive automobiles for recreation, played tennis with his wife for exercise, and wrote two boys' books a year, apparently with no effort.

For 30 years no book of his failed; the first was still in print, and all the others were still selling as the new ones came out. In his first novels Barbour barely touched on baseball—there was always a cycle in his stories, the progress through the school year from baseball to hockey and basketball in the winter, then track and baseball in the spring—but with *Weatherby's Inning* the details of the game became an essential part of the novel. They were organic parts of the dramatic machinery by which character was revealed or developed. At the outset Jack Weatherby was disgraced because he did not try to rescue a boy from the river. The boy was saved anyway, and Jack had good reasons for not jumping in after him, but he was nevertheless ostracized for cowardice. Turning out for baseball became a stage in his public rehabilitation as well as part of his self-realization and his recovery of confidence. What was new and interesting was that the hits and errors, the attitudes of the players on the field, were revelations of character, changing the whole emphasis of the baseball story from concentration on who won to the game as a catalyst of the drama. What was historically important, however, was that Barbour's carefully described games were more interesting to read about than the actual games that were reported in the newspapers. They were vivid and clear, and they chained the imagination of a youthful reader to the emotions of the players, explaining, clarifying and dramatizing what was happening on the diamond as no factual explanation could possibly do it. A pretty good case could be made that after boys' baseball books swept the country, sports reporting became interesting, and the accounts of imaginary games formed the model for the reporting of real ones.

William Heyliger gave even more extended and meticulous descriptions of imaginary games, inning by inning. Heyliger was caustic about Barbour's romanticized and idealized schools, and disliked the repetitious plots, hinging on a rescue, that were found in all boys' books—he was proud that he had only one rescue in all his works. He was a young family man and a fledgling newspaper reporter when he wrote his first novel in 1911, a part of a desperate gamble in which he took his vacation and wrote *Bartlev, Freshman Pitcher*, in the hope of selling it to meet a mortgage payment. The book was an immediate success, and Heyliger followed it with *Batter Up!* and *The Captain of the Nine*, both of which were successful.

His books were tougher and more realistic than Barbour's, his boys stronger-willed and less given to horseplay and nonsensical banter, and they tended to play with a kind of intensity that was almost anger. His style was bare and his narratives fast and uncomplicated. Almost too much seemed to depend on the outcome of the games in Heyliger's books. If one of Barbour's boys failed to make the team, it was a disappointment, but he still enjoyed the

*continued*

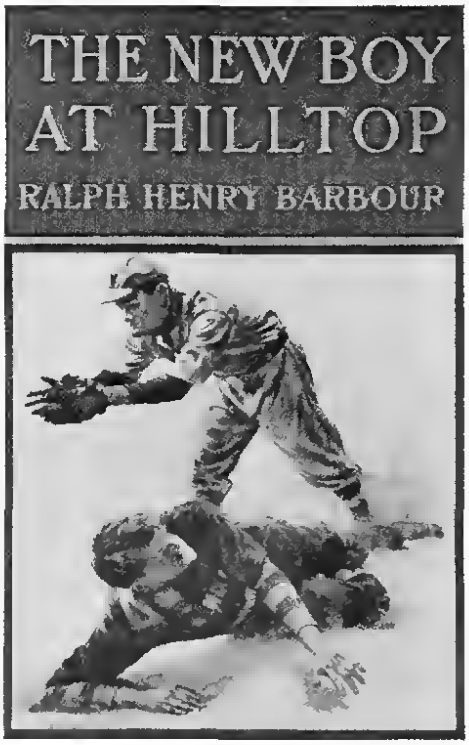


*"Phil did not walk from the field. . . . And so we leave our embarrassed hero vainly struggling for fitting words in which to express his gratitude."*

casual life of the school; Heyliger's characters faced some subjective alternative of triumph or ruin. The difference between a defeat and a victory for Heyliger's heroes was not, as with Barbour's boys, a matter of youthful elation or chagrin; it was more nearly akin to adult success or failure.

By 1920 Heyliger had supplanted Barbour as the favorite in a literary field that had grown ludicrously overcrowded and in which he and Barbour were almost the only writers making sane and literate contributions. His masterpiece was *High Benton*, the story of a boy tempted to leave school. A careful and honest attempt to define the situation of youth in the period after the War, it sold 50,000 copies. Anne Carroll Moore, the famous librarian of the New York Public Library, believed that Heyliger had done more than any writer since Mark Twain to liberate boys' fiction from the tyranny of the series books and restore it to reality. Heyliger had a craftsman's pride in his work: he said of juvenile literature, "It has its own dignity, fine and stalwart, and need not bow its head in any literary company. Give it time."

Long before Barbour's death in 1946, and Heyliger's in 1955, the kind of fiction they had perfected had disappeared. It never went much beyond its early promise, but it nevertheless provided staple reading matter for millions of boys through three generations of readers, and its part in influencing the present 100,000-games-a-week average was considerable. Through the decisive period when baseball was becoming accepted as the American game, it provided to each oncoming generation a preparatory fiction, a steady flow of innocent outdoor reading, the moral of which was that playing baseball enabled one to cope with the ordinary problems of life, such as stopping a runaway horse, making a fortune or capturing a band of desperate, non-baseball-playing bank robbers. As boys' baseball literature grew dated, something like a literary short-circuit took place: it was not replaced with anything restating the case in new and acceptable terms. The books written by the present-day authors differ primarily from the old in their avoidance of foolishness and exaggeration, in their greater sophistication and in the sophistication they assume in their readers. The works of John Tunis, Jackson Scholz or Duane Decker are above all credible; they deal with known subjects—a rookie in the feverish tension of his tryout, the ordeal of an aspiring pitcher who is shipped back to the minors after a brief span with a major league club, or the conflict between two players when an eager newcomer threatens to take over the position of an older, more experienced, and less scrupulous player. One of the best of them, Jackson Scholz's *The Perfect Game* tells of the slow and hard-won comeback of a young genius who has pitched a no-hitter in the World Series, and skidded as a result of the subsequent hero-worshiping. But these new, realistic books didn't take up where the old ones left off; they tended to become a different sort of work altogether, a boys' version of an adult story.




*"He felt a corner of the plate. At the same instant he heard the thud of the ball."*

If I had to make a guess as to why the old fiction failed, I—I think I'd say it didn't go far enough, it wasn't wild and romantic and imaginative enough, to keep up with the emerging game that it celebrated. In 100,000 games a week there are almost a million innings, and in any million innings something strange is going to happen. Last year about this time Larry Monte, of the Brazosport (Texas) High School team, slid into second base during a game, knocked the base loose by the violence of his slide, and revealed a coiled rattlesnake under the bag, a happening beyond the wildest imagination of the authors of the dime-novel baseball stories. And what novelist could keep up with Mac Ogburn, of Clemson College, on May 8, 1961, during a doubleheader with Georgia Tech? In the first game he got a homer, two triples and a single in five at-bats. In the second half of the doubleheader he came to bat five times and hit five home runs.

Still, Barbour's magical bats and Jenks's double curve sometimes seem closer to the truth of baseball than the dry and literal books that are now written. Those Little Leaguers of the future may miss a lot. Certainly they are not going to be able to fire their imagination with the kind of books their fathers and grandfathers read. The libraries have only a few of them. Booksellers never liked to deal in books in series, and rarely kept them. They were published in too great numbers to become valuable, and they were seldom saved when they were outgrown by the owners. They are becoming as hard to get as hoki-moki wood. **END**

# An English Bobby on Horseback

**The game—and the day—were saved by a calm policeman and a horse who understood people**

by JOHN LOVESEY

The British national character has been mummified in many a genteel novel and drawing-room play as one of reserved emotion and decorous behavior. Even in sports the true-born Briton is thought of as one who rarely allows himself more than a subdued "Well played, sir!" at a cricket match. But this reticence has its soft underbelly. It is in what the English call association football or soccer.

England's Football Association Cup Final annually stirs the interest of millions of men, from miners in cloth caps to Etonians in old school ties. The excitement among soccer fans is as feverish as that kindled by the Kentucky Derby, the World Series and a dozen top college football encounters rolled into one. It is therefore a measure of their place in the game's history that a policeman and a white horse are today remembered more vividly in connection with the 1923 Cup Final than the teams which took part.

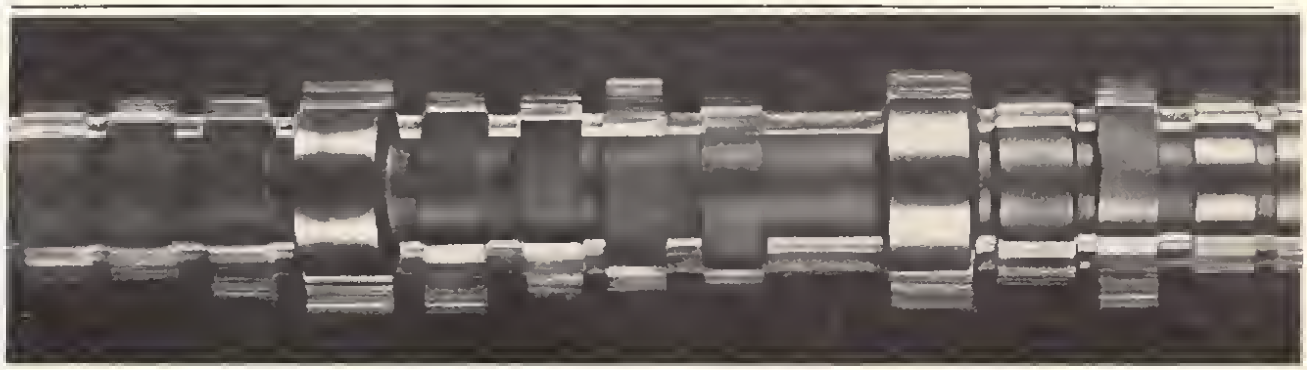
That year marked a significant step forward in the cup tournament. The Football Association had long needed a larger ground to accommodate the crowd; in 1921 plans were made to build a great stadium in Wembley in the suburbs of north London. Two years later, a mere four days after the last seat had been screwed into place and the final fleck of paint left to dry, the first Final was scheduled to take place there on April 28.

Wembley's huge oval stadium was built to hold 127,000 people, but when the gates were closed to the crowd that first year the rejected multitude outside turned reckless and stormed the place. In their passion to see London's West Ham United play Lancashire's Bolton Wanderers, the soccer zealots made Wembley look more like a battlefield than a site for the nation's greatest sports event. Some of the newspaper reports read like dispatches from the front line.

Estimates of the numbers that turned up at Wembley run as high as 300,000, and some eyewitnesses were certain that 250,000 got in. Iron gates were torn open, barriers broken, and more than a thousand people were injured. The crowd was so dense that some men were able to roll on the heads of the standing spectators down to ground level from the top of one of the terraces.

The mob surged onto the playing field, and by the time King George V arrived,

continued




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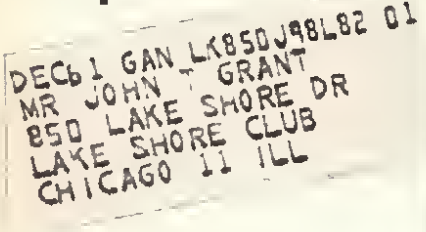
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hoping to see the game, Wembley was a chaos. The monarch had to sit for almost an hour while some show of order was created.

The order—such as it was—was largely brought about by Police Constable George Scorey on Billy, a white horse who had a way with people. Scorey, a placid man, sensed the seriousness of the situation before almost anybody.

Now 78 years old, a veteran of the Boer War and World War I, Scorey lives in retirement in Chislehurst, Kent. "I saw an opening," he recalls of that hectic afternoon almost four decades ago, "and in I went. I told the people to link their arms together and told them to heave, heave, heave. When they got to the touchline I told them to sit down. Billy was on his best behavior that day."

Inch by inch the field was cleared, the players coming out to help also, and Scorey, with nine other mounted policemen, was everywhere. "He was never turned from his purpose, this efficient constable," wrote one reporter. "He rode from side to side of the ground, and pushed his intelligent mount into the wall of faces."

The game started 40 minutes late, with human walls as touchlines. The Bolton Wanderers won 2–0. It was a crazy, mixed-up game. One of the goals was scored while a player on the London team was still lost in the crowd, which had engulfed him as he retrieved the ball. Or so the story goes. It's hard to prove or disprove anything about what happened that lunatic day. The imbroglio achieved the ultimate in status in British controversy: questions were asked in the House of Commons. Sir Oswald Mosley, who later became Britain's most notorious Fascist but was then an independent M.P. for the constituency in which Wembley Stadium is situated, was among those who prodded the House Secretary for explanations of the disorder. Elderly gentlemen wrote scathing letters to *The Times*. Ever since, admittance to the Cup Final has been by ticket only, the pregame sale limited to about 100,000.

Amid all the recriminations there was nothing but praise for George Scorey and his horse. Without them the disorder could easily have led to tragedy. When it was all over, Scorey remembers, people patted the horse gratefully. "We wouldn't have seen the game but for you," one fan told Billy. The *News of the World* praised Scorey as the "Wellington of Wembley." Sir William Edge, the M.P. for Bolton, paid public tribute to the pair.



POLICE HEADED OFF DISASTER WHEN THE CROWD SURGED ONTO THE FIELD

Every year Scorey becomes a public figure again, like the first robin or the groundhog. When Cup Final time approaches he is interviewed, photographed—on one occasion in bed late at night—and even asked to appear on television. He keeps a memento of Billy in a place of honor in his bungalow. When the horse died the Deputy Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard ordered that one of the feet be made into an inkpot for Scorey. As he holds it occasionally, George Scorey recalls that he even first met his wife while astride Billy. "That horse did something for him," Mrs. Scorey says, proudly. END

# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the sports information of the week**

**BASKETBALL**—BOSTON and LOS ANGELES, playing nip and tuck through a week of NBA finals, wound up in Boston Saturday with the balance 3–2 in favor of Los Angeles. Earlier, in L.A., Jerry West had scored a winning basket at the final buzzer to give the Lakers their second victory of the playoffs, 117–115. The Celtics evened things the next night, taking command early and coasting to a 115–103 win that left the series at 2–2. Then, back in Boston, Elgin Baylor scored a record 61 points, breaking Wilt Chamberlain's not-quite-month-old mark of 56 points in a playoff game, as Boston made a tactical slip by concentrating its defense on West. Los Angeles won, 126–121, and the teams flew westward again for the sixth game.

**BOWLING**—JOE JOSEPH of Detroit captured $5,000 and his first major victory in 22 years of bowling by winning the $25,000 St. Louis PBA tournament with a final 217–204 game against Harry Smith of St. Louis. In a previous round Smith, who was qualifying leader, broke the PBA record for 25 games with 5,633 pins.

**BOXING**—INGEMAR JOHANSSON, Sweden's former world heavyweight champion now trying for a comeback to earn another chance at the title, knocked out Wim Snoek of Holland in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round match at Stockholm. Snoek floored Johansson for a count of five in the first round, but the former titleholder broke out a long left and a right hook to give Snoek his second KO in 65 matches.

GUY SUMLIN, a welterweight from Pritchard, Ala., cut British champion Brian Curvis above the right eye to score a TKO in the eighth round of a scheduled 10-round bout.

**COURT TENNIS**—YALE, with eight round-robin victories over Princeton's six and Harvard's lone win, took the intercollegiate invitational title in New York. Yale's Ogden Phipps III, the collegiate singles champion, was awarded the Van Alen Trophy for best player of the tournament.

**DOG SHOW**—CH. TOUCHSTONE'S CRUSADER, a miniature black poodle with limited show experience but well handled by Anne Hone Rogers, took best-in-show honors over 941 other entries in the Twin Brooks Kennel Club judging in West Orange, N.J. The 4-year-old is owned by Frederick P. Dyckman and Charles F. Knapp of Fishkill, N.Y.

**GOLF**—BILL CASPER of Apple Valley, Calif. came from three strokes behind in the last nine of the $35,000 Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open to win by one shot over Mike Souchak, defending champion. They were tied going into the last round, but Casper took first-place money of $5,300 with a final 68 and a four-round total of 275. Sam Snead, who had won the tournament seven times, came in third with 278, and Masters Champion Arnold Palmer finished in a tie for fifth with 284.

**HARNESS RACING**—IRVIN PAUL ($9.20), a 5-year-old gelding nicely driven by Charles King, moved into the lead just before the half-mile mark of the $25,000 Adios Butler Trophy free-for-all pace at Roosevelt Raceway, to finish the mile in 2.02 4/5, three-quarters of a length ahead of Stephan Smith, handled by Gene Sears. Caduceus, the New Zealand-bred 12-year-old and the favorite, was third in the field of eight top pacers.

**HOCKEY**—TORONTO started off the Stanley Cup finals as expected, taking the first two games on home ice 4–1 and 3–2, and thoroughly outskating a listless Chicago team. But back in Chicago the Hawks held the Leafs scoreless 3–0, as Glenn Hall registered his fourth shutout in Stanley Cup play. With the Leafs ahead 2–1 in the series, the teams stayed in Chicago for the fourth game.

**HORSE RACING**—HITTING AWAY ($9), with Bob Ussery up, finished the $28,550 Excelsior Handicap at Aqueduct three-quarters of a length ahead of Darby Dan Farm's Up Scope, covering the mile and ⅛ in 1.50. Ogden Phipps's colt ran his own race all the way, leaving Manassa Mauler in third place. Hillsborough fourth and his co-favorite, Ambiopoise, fifth.

GREEK MONEY ($13.20), outclassed several Derby hopefuls in the $28,625 Chesapeake Stakes mile and 1/16 at Laurel. Ridden by Arthur Chambers, Brandywine Stable's 3-year-old, not eligible for the Derby himself, lowered the track record with a time of 1.43 4/5. Bruce S. Campbell's Dedimoud was second, 5½ lengths behind, and two other Derby eligibles, Daddy R. and Sidluck, were third and fourth.

SHIRLEY JONES ($4.20), the [illegible] in the $20,000 Pan American Handicap at Gulfstream Park, won by 2½ lengths over Mrs. Raymond Ball's Aerofling. Owned by James McCue of Miami Beach, and ridden by Larry Gilligan, the 6-year-old covered the fast mile-and-an-eighth track in 1.51 1/5.

RUSS, owned by Captain J. L. B. Bentley and given an excellent ride by Frank Chapot, came on with a strong finish to win the Middleburg (Va.) Hunt Cup, finishing the 3-mile, 14-jump course in 5.45, half a length ahead of Mrs. June H. McKnight's Hill Tie.

HURDY GURDY, a 9-year-old hunter ridden by Owner Kingdon Gould of Washington, and winner of three Virginia timber races this season, finished first by a length ahead of Mountain Dew in the 52nd running of the My Lady's Manor Point to Point race in Monkton, Md.

**LACROSSE**—JOHNS HOPKINS took an early lead, but then had to fight back from behind twice to beat Virginia 12–8 at Charlottesville, as Henry Ciccarone led the attack with five goals (*see page 36*). NAVY, with Pete Taylor scoring six times—three in the opening period—defeated Princeton 13–3 in Annapolis.

**ROWING**—NAVY, in its first time out this season, narrowly beat a much-improved Columbia heavyweight crew over an abbreviated mile course on the Severn (high winds made the regular mile and ¾ course too rough) by three seconds and ¾ of a length, finishing in 4.23.6. Navy also won the junior varsity and freshman races.

PRINCETON outrowed the Rutgers heavies by two lengths over the mile-and-¼ route on Lake Carnegie, winning in 9.19.8 to Rutgers' 9.27.4.

**RUGBY**—FRANCE, playing a wide-open game as usual, ended at the top of the five-nation Rugby Union for the fourth year in a row by beating Ireland 11–0 in the final game in Paris.

**TENNIS**—AUSTRALIANS dominated the courts both here and abroad, with Neale Fraser defeating countryman Fred Stolle 6–3, 6–2 in a tournament at Sorrento, Italy, and Judith Tegart winning over Francesca Gordigiani of Italy 6–0, 3–6, 6–2 in the women's singles. The brother team of Neale and John Fraser easily trounced the Italian Davis Cup players, Orlando Sirola and Fausto Gardini, for the doubles title. In Houston, Aussie Rod Laver missed only two overhead shots as he stayed in command of the final match against countryman Roy Emerson to win his second straight River Oaks title 6–1, 7–5, 7–5.

THE PHILIPPINES won the Davis Cup Eastern Zone semifinal round 3–2 over Japan and will play the winner of the India-Iran semifinal for the title.

**TRACK & FIELD**—GARY GUBNER, New York University sophomore, turned in the outstanding performance among the 900 athletes from 53 teams at the Marine Corps Schools Relays at Quantico, Va., with a shotput of 62 feet 6 inches on his first outdoor try. Although he says that he is still unfamiliar with the smaller outdoor iron ball, his long toss made him only the sixth ever to top 62 feet in outdoor competition. Other Quantico meet records: Al Oerter of the New York A.C., with 191 feet in the discus; Bob Gardner of Camp Le Jeune, with a 6-foot-8¼-inch high jump; Dave Tork of Camp Pendleton, with a 15-foot-7¾-inch pole vault; Deacon Jones of Washington, timed in 9.15.8 for the 3,000-meter steeplechase. Quantico's Cary Weisiger won the mile in a respectable 4.06.3, over a track still soggy after heavy spring rains. Relay teams from Fordham and Morgan State were double winners and the Quantico Marines won the sprint medley (3.24) and Club and Service Mile (3.13.5).

OREGON scored more than twice as many points as Stanford (90–41) in their dual meet in Eugene, as the powerful Webfoots warmed up for this weekend's big meet with Southern California. Dyrol Burleson, running his second mile of the outdoor season, tied the fastest college mark of the year (he already holds the fastest two miles and half-mile) with a time of 4.03.6. Jerry Tarr was just a trifle off his season's best pace in the 120-yard high hurdles, winning in 13.8, and he took the 220-yard high hurdles in 23.5.


**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

18, 19—Los Angeles Times. 20, 21—Hy Peskin. 22—Ken Regan. 24, 25—Herb Scharfman, Neil Leifer. 26—Tony Triolo. 28-30—symbols by Burt Groedel. 32-34—Richard Meek. 56—Phil Both. 60, 61—Richard Meek. 66—courtesy New York Public Library, Rare Book Division. 68—from "With Mask and Mitt" by Albertus True Dudley (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1900). 69, 76—from The New Boy at Hilltop and Other Stories by Ralph Henry Barbour, © 1910 by D. Appleton & Co., renewed 1937 by the author. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Appleton-Century-Crofts, an affiliate of Meredith Press. 73—from "Fighting for Fairview" by William Heyliger, © 1918 by D. Appleton & Co., renewed 1946 by the author. Reprinted by permission of the publishers Appleton-Century-Crofts, an affiliate of Meredith Press. 75—from Making the Nine by Albertus True Dudley (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1904). 77—Bob Peterson, Marvin M. Greene, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Bill Bennett, St. Joseph Gazette, Alan Deneau, Detroit News. 78—AP. 80—Phil Both.


# FACES IN THE CROWD



**TOSHIYUKI SEINO,** 158-pound national AAU judo champion, was 72 pounds lighter than Nelson Cross, his opponent in final round of the Air Force Championships at McChord A.F.B., Wash., but he emerged overall winner by judges' decision after an overtime period.



**CLINT BLUME,** 28, a former college wrestler now playing for the Westchester (N.Y.) Rugby club in the 25-team Eastern Rugby Union, place-kicked a 71-yard field goal for an all-time record, to tie Army 6–6. A weekend later he scored 20 points against Cornell.



**CLIFFORD BENNETT** was lucky winner after four previous tries in the annual contest to pick the new Cleveland Indian bat boy, getting the job plus $1,000 which he plans to spend for his college education. Bennett is 16, a junior at Glenville High School in Cleveland.



**NERA WHITE,** whose specialty is sinking set shots at 15 to 25 feet from the basket, was named captain of the women's All-America team after the AAU basketball championships in St. Joseph, Mo., where her team from Nashville Business College was the winner.



**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENS,** South Carolina basketball coach who sent his 1962 winning squad to the floor after boost-up sessions of rock and roll tunes, was named Atlantic Coast Conference coach of the year, and promptly signed a four-year contract with Oklahoma.



**SUZY THRASHER,** 18, a University of Michigan coed who trained with the college's swimming team while still in high school, thrashed through Michigan's AAU meet to win four events and set three state records as Ann Arbor's swim club won its fourth straight title.

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



YOUNG PITCHERS who started well were Phillies' Art Mahaffey (23), who won two, Red Sox' Bill Monbouquette (25), who had shutout.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

One of the most improbable pitching staffs in major league history, a Hydrocollator and some tall grass helped **Houston** to win its first three games. First of the pitchers was nail-chewing 36-year-old Bobby Shantz, a 150-pounder who beat the Cubs 11–2 with a five-hitter. After each inning, Trainer Jim Ewell took a steam-heated pad from the Hydrocollator, wrapped it in a towel and placed it on Shantz's pitching arm to keep it from stiffening. In the next game Hal Woodeshick, who learned how to throw a slip pitch and, finally, at age 29, a curve, got relief help from Dick Farrell and shut out the Cubs. Then Dean Stone, whose last major league pitch was in 1959 for the Cardinals, shut out the Cubs on three hits. Chicago players hit into six double plays and blamed it in part on the extra-long infield grass. Even at home, though, the Cubs could not win. They lost twice to **St Louis**, which was off to its best start in years. Stan Musial hit safely in his first four at bats, set a league record in the second game by scoring his 1,860th run, and the next day hit a home run (his 445th) and stole second base (for the second time in five years). Lindy McDaniel, pitching on his 29th birthday on Friday the 13th, gave up just one run and three hits in seven innings. It was the longest relief job of his career and he was the winner. **Pittsburgh** got fine relief work from ElRoy Face and solid hitting from Roberto Clemente. "I know something inside me explode when things are tough," Clemente said. It exploded in the first game when he hit a grand-slam homer. Bob Friend pitched a five-hitter, Vinegar Bend Mizell looked strong and Vern Law said he was ready to test his arm. Even the defense, which made 40 errors in 20 spring games, showed 1960-like precision and the Pirates won three straight. **New York** lost three in a row. Commenting on why he did not remove Pitcher Ray Daviault after two wild pitches, Manager Casey Stengel mumbled, "I have a lot of faith in that kid and he has a nice family and might do me some good." One youngster who did a lot of good was 22-year-old Pete Richert, a **Los Angeles** left-hander who tied three major league records by striking out the first six batters he faced. Sandy Koufax beat the Reds with a masterful four-hitter, Don Drysdale struck out 11 Braves and Larry Sherry won in relief as the Dodgers took four of five. **Cincinnati** did not get such good pitching. In all, 22 pitchers gave up 69 hits and 52 runs and the Reds lost five of six. MVP Frank Robinson had no RBIs and hit .167, and the team as a whole batted .222. To make the collapse complete, the Reds also made 10 errors in the final three games. **San Francisco**, however, could do nothing wrong. The Giants got a three-hit shutout from Juan Marichal ("He's like Roberts in his prime: you can't wait to hit against him but you wind up 0 for 4," Eddie Mathews of the Braves said), Billy O'Dell provided a four-hitter and a three-hitter was served up by Billy Pierce and Stu Miller. Willie Mays hit the first pitch thrown to him this season for a home run, repeated the next day. San Francisco sportswriters noted that the last time Mays hit a homer on opening day was in 1954, when the Giants won the pennant. **Milwaukee**'s Warren Spahn, off whom Mays hit his first NL home run, was, as usual, off to a slow start. On top of that, the hitters were not hitting and the defense, notably the outfield, was Class B. It was not until the fifth inning of the fifth game that the Braves finally led for the first time. **Philadelphia** did not look like a pennant winner either, but it did not look like a last-place club. For the first time in 13 years the opening day pitcher for the Phillies was not Robin Roberts. It was Art Mahaffey. Philadelphia scored six runs in the third inning and, although the "6" was blown off the scoreboard, Mahaffey beat the Reds 12–4.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

Charles O. Finley, **Kansas City** owner, goes first class and he wants his team to do the same, even if it doesn't go first division. Last week his club sported new "Ivy look" tailored uniforms that have off-the-shoulder blouses and scarlet letters outlined in blue and which are minus the traditional baggy knees. Finley even cleaned up his vendetta with Ernest Mehl, *Kansas City Star* sports editor. Mehl threw out the first ball and Finley caught it. Some of the Athletics' outfielders did not have equal success with fly balls, but the team did win two of five games. Dick Howser hit .350 and stole four bases. Liveliest of the **Chicago White Sox**, who are geared for speed and youth again, was Sherm Lollar, the 37-year-old catcher. Lollar batted .571, and his running was equally impressive. He has what players refer to as "bad wheels," but he looked like Pepper Martin as he raced to third after a catch of a fly to medium center field and also stretched a single into a double with a headfirst dive. Juan Pizarro and rookie Joe Horlen each pitched a five-hitter and gave up one run. Pizarro, though, won 2–1, Horlen lost 1–0. Joe Bonikowski of **Minnesota** was the lone rookie to win a game. He allowed one run in 5⅔ innings of relief against the Athletics. Bernie Allen, the Twins' new second baseman, batted just .056, but rookie Third Baseman Rich Rollins hit .583 and had two homers. The Twins led the league with seven home runs, one more than **New York**. Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle and Bill Skowron each hit one in the opener. Some people have been accused of hitting the bottle, but in Maris' case it was just the opposite. "I got hit on the shoulder by a bottle," Maris said after a hectic game in **Detroit**. The Tigers won that game 5–3 behind Frank Lary, but lost two others. **Cleveland** also lost two of its first three, but then Manager Mel McGaha scrambled his lineup. Among other changes, he benched rookie Ty Cline (0 for 12), moved Chuck Essegian to center, inserted Gene Green in left and had Tito Francona lead off. It looked, for one inning, like a stroke of genius comparable to the old Casey Stengel moves. The Indians scored six runs in the first, but then barely held on for a 6–4 win over the Senators. It was the first loss for **Washington** after wins by Bennie Daniels and Pete Burnside. Bob Johnson, a former Tiger farmhand, helped beat Detroit with a two-run homer. Carroll Hardy hit a grand slam with two out in the 12th to enable **Boston** to defeat the Indians. Those were the Red Sox' only runs in 30 innings. A ninth-inning home run by Leon Wagner, plus four-hit pitching by Ken McBride, gave **Los Angeles** its first victory. Rookie Bob Rodgers' five RBIs in the next game helped the Angels finish the week with a 2–1 record. **Baltimore** played just twice. Manager Billy Hitchcock, a one-time Auburn halfback, was thinking almost as much about football as baseball. After losing to the Yankees 7–6 he said, "The extra point'll beat you a lot of times." And, to help his players slosh through the wet outfield, Hitchcock had his outfielders wear special shoes with football cleats when they were on defense. P.S. The Orioles won that game 3–0 on a field goal. **END**



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL SCHUTZER

# Great moments live in LIFE

A great moment in Lima, Peru—when Richard M. Nixon faced down a hostile Communist mob and gained stature for himself and for America.

LIFE recently brought you a 3-part series in which our former vice-president told in his own words "the stories I kept to myself," of crisis, heartbreak, and triumph. And to introduce the series—11 pages of pictures that captured many great moments in a turbulent career.

LIFE brings its readers the current significant news of every week, only days after the event. And LIFE also presents in depth and detail the continuing story of our exciting, ever-changing world.

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LIFE

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**PLAY BALL**

Sirs:

Statistics and analyses are undeniably at the heart of baseball. However, I also relish those intimate vignettes that bring into focus the very essential human quality of the game. Thank you for giving us both in your Special Issue (April 9).

STUART BABITCH

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

I commend you and thank you for printing the absolute truth about the greatest team in baseball: the World Champion New York Yankees. I agree with everything you said.

DALE R. HANSON

Newton, Kans.

Sirs:

How can the Giants win the National League pennant?

1) Put Harvey Kuenn on second base and leave him there.

2) Put Cepeda back on first and leave him there.

3) Sell Horace Stoneham.

JESS PIHL

Los Altos, Calif.

Sirs:

You said Nellie Fox of the White Sox must rely on his "memory, hustle and luck." Hustle is the only thing right in that sentence. He is a great ballplayer, and luck is no part of it. You also said that the White Sox could challenge the Tigers for second place. Sure they will, but what about first? The Tigers are the team that actually *will* beat the Yankees.

ALAN WALCHER

Sapulpa, Okla.

Sirs:

You are poor little lambs who have lost your way. I'll bet you a two-year subscription to your magazine that the Chicago Cubs will climb from the depths to within four places of the pearly gates of a championship this season.

WILLIAM C. LAVERY

Madison, Wis.

**WHO'S SAARI?**

Sirs:

Your recognition of my son Roy Saari's swimming performances (FACES IN THE CROWD, April 2; *Youth Puts the U.S. in Front*, April 16) was greatly appreciated. However, even though I can't always be sure myself, I think the FACE you pictured is that of Steve Clark, American freestyle champion.

URHO SAARI

El Segundo, Calif.

● Coach Saari is right; for a photographic comparison, see below.—ED.



SAARI



CLARK

**PROS AND KHANS**

Sirs:

Re your story about Pakistan's squash-playing Khan family (*Kings of Squash*, April 2), Rex Lardner insinuates they're unbeatable. Such is not so. U.S. players who have beaten the Khans handily include my husband, Henri Salaun, who has defeated three of them; G. Diehl Mateer, who defeated two of them in consecutive matches in one day; Charles Ufford; and Teaching Professional Al Chassard, who is the current No. 1 squash pro.

The forte of the professional Khans' playing is that they do little else, whereas the Americans only eke out good competitive play on weekends, between lawn-mowing, baby-tending and house-mending.

EMILY SALAUN

Needham, Mass.

**HOW HARD THE PUNCH**

Sirs:

I think I have a reasonable, if nonprofessional, explanation for the death of Benny Paret and the very similar injury to Tunney Hunsaker.

Since only a cursory search of sporting records will show new marks set in nearly every sport, we can assume that today's athletes are just plain stronger than their predecessors. Young men are running faster and farther, jumping higher, throwing harder and swimming faster than ever before. Is it not just as possible that the young men who are professional boxers are hitting harder than they used to?

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sponsored a scientific study some months ago to prove that today's baseball has more rabbit in it than years ago. How about a study to find the punching quotient of today's boxers, and then a campaign to put protective headgear on every fighter?

MARJORIE A. FROSCH

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

My idea, partly taken from boxing's own past, is simply to end a round as soon as a fighter has been knocked down, and automatically award the round to his opponent. Of course, the three-minute round would apply if there were no knockdown, and a count of 10 after a knockdown would still result in victory. I see no "sport" in one fighter hammering another to submission after knocking him groggy with what may have been a lucky punch. But there would be a certain measure of glory in being able to continue to outwit, outbox or outslug his adversary after he had recovered his senses and equilibrium as a result of the enforced round-ending.

JOSEPH C. GRIMALDI

Springfield, Mass.

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